

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



"THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: "THE COURT OF JUSTICE ON THE PLANET VENUS."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

In the court scene the wonderful luminous staircase and the ethereal figures produce the effect of a world other than material.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I prefer Mr. Carnegie when he distributes his millions to Mr. Carnegie when he distributes advice. In the *Nineteenth Century* he tells our pessimists who see nothing but decay in British commerce that they are dolorous without reason. All will be well with us if we accept Mr. Carnegie's opinion that the British Empire is not worth fighting for. Consider South Africa. It may be true that the war was inevitable; but that comes of shouldering responsibilities that lead to inevitable wars. Apparently Mr. Carnegie would have thought better of our judgment if we had not acquired the Cape in 1806. This should endear him to Mr. Boissevain, the eloquent editor at Amsterdam, who regards that transaction as the fount and origin of our diversified infamies. We had some millions to spend in 1806, and instead of giving them away, as Mr. Carnegie would have done, we took advantage of a poor Dutch Government, and made the nefarious bargain that Mr. Kruger has tried to undo. It is costing us many more millions to convince him of his imprudence, and Mr. Carnegie is astonished that we should think it worth while.

Do not suppose that this affable and munificent personage desires to see the British race lose its self-respect. He would have the world understand that, should this island ever be invaded, we shall give an excellent account of the audacious foe. Those young Scots who will owe their University education to his splendid bounty will rally at the sound of the pibroch, and the invader will soon have cause to wish himself at home. "Nae doot," as Mr. Barrie would say. But does it not strike Mr. Carnegie that his young Scots may see no reason to postpone the exhibition of their prowess until the meddlesome foreigner lands at Leith? Scots have a habit of wandering over the earth. One of them went to Pittsburg and made a fortune. Others are content to exercise their talents within the confines of the British Empire, and to cherish the fond delusion that it is part of their duty to maintain that rather considerable fabric at all hazards and against all comers. The public service, especially in its administrative branches, will be recruited by many of those Scots who have cultivated patriotism on Mr. Carnegie's money (excellent substitute for oatmeal!), and they will serve their country in quarters of the Empire where the responsibility of dominion may entail the very sacrifices that fill our millionaire from Pittsburg with wonder and pity. I suspect that the students of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, who throw up their caps for Mr. Carnegie's generous endowment of Scottish University education, will smile with polite astonishment at his political curriculum.

Most people have been smiling at Mr. Frederic Harrison's exposition of "a patriotic Englishman." He says the war was made by "swindlers and braggarts," and he does not mean Messrs. Kruger, Reitz, and Smuts. He says the Boer invasion was "a strategic move," provoked by the spectacle of "an Empire armed," meaning the Empire which had not enough troops for the defence of any part of its threatened frontier. He says the Imperial despatches were full of "open menaces," meaning the "menace" of Sept. 8, 1899, which every British champion of Mr. Kruger implored him to accept as an honourable and pacific offer, irreproachable in manner and substance. Further, he says, this "patriotic Englishman," that the "ghastly ferocities" of the British troops will live in history with the barbarities of the Thirty Years' War, the devastation of the Palatinate, and the dragonades of Louis XIV. To crown all, he has discovered that his countrymen are rapidly becoming "a race of blackguards." All this must have made Mr. Boissevain jump with joy. I can see Henri Rochefort and Edouard Drumont shedding tears of enthusiasm. Mr. Kruger must have fallen on the necks of all his friends within reach, and then pointed out to them texts of Scripture that predict the glorious advent of Mr. Frederic Harrison. The jubilation of everybody whose hatred of Britain is blind and bitter may seem quite legitimate to Mr. Harrison; but what has it in common with the honour and duty of "a patriotic Englishman"?

When Mr. Courtney suggested that a flagrant case of Boeritis was "the delirious dream of a man with a naturally weak faculty of judgment," he was not prepared, I fancy, for this more illustrious example. If a man who says that Lord Kitchener ordered Boer prisoners to be shot is a delirious dreamer, what philosophical formula can explain the "patriotic Englishman" who says we are becoming "a race of blackguards"? As the air of England must be very distressing to Mr. Harrison's overwrought sensibilities, why does he not take a little tour? Not, of course, in any part of the Empire which Mr. Carnegie does not think worth keeping, when the keeping costs an inevitable war; but a tour in those countries where our "ghastly ferocities" are fabricated and reprobated purely for the sake of humanity and all the virtues. Mr. Harrison would have an uproarious welcome in several languages; and when he had shaken the hands of all the Anglophobe deputations, and had been slobbered on both cheeks by some of them, he might feel calm enough

to devote his leisure to mastering the "taal," so as to exchange sweet confidences about Positivism and Calvinism with Mr. Kruger. Moreover, there must be many foreigners with a disinterested curiosity to see this singular specimen of "a patriotic Englishman," who consecrates his inspired fantasies to the abuse of his country. Perhaps the sight of him would help them to understand at least one British characteristic—the compassionate toleration that is accorded to his very limited breed at home.

It is this constant temper of the nation that has excited the admiring wonder of the Cape Boer who signs himself "P. S." in the *Times*. He knew the animus and the object of the "strategic move," and he proclaimed our approaching downfall. Now he says the Boer resistance is "suicidal madness," and he urges his kinsfolk to throw in their lot with the Empire which puzzles Mr. Carnegie as a national investment. "P. S." thought we were "chloroformed by cant and sickly sentimentality," and he finds that, when there is a real crisis, we are a resolute people. He says the Boers have roused us from our "syncope." "We have but shattered ourselves and cemented the foundations of the British Empire." He still has an ill opinion of some of our methods; but he is good enough to prophesy "a new birth" for Britain, "if her people have but sense enough to make their military power great enough to prevent evil and maintain freedom and righteousness." And yet Mr. Carnegie thinks our military power is already too expensive, and proposes that we shall reduce the general outlay by twenty-eight millions. What we need is "a policy of peace and goodwill towards other nations." When they see us thus religiously disposed, and our armaments reduced so as to make Imperial defence impossible, the other nations will fall into attitudes of prayerful imitation, and abstain from "strategic moves." Possibly it was this theory of statesmanship which made "P. S." suppose for a time that we were "chloroformed by cant and sickly sentimentality." There was an eminent homilist named Chadband, who used to ask, "What is peace, my friends? Is it war? Is it unholy strife?" It is not; but it is so strikingly like a sound military organisation that the pair may pass for twins.

There is infinite talk about a repertory theatre, where we might see old plays that charm us, and as many new plays as a discreet and enterprising management could procure. It is pointed out that this would be equally advantageous to young actors and to the public taste. At present there is not sufficient scope for training in the player's art. We have no Conservatoire—the most serious deficiency of all, as Madame Bernhardt has justly remarked; and the longevity of successful plays gives the young actor few opportunities of varied practice. A repertory theatre with a fresh piece every week would be admirable if it were backed by sufficient means to cover the losses on plays that the public did not care to see, and on acting that was not sufficiently popular. That is the whole matter, and very simple it is; but it is discussed by some people with a singular indifference to the essential conditions. For instance, I read that "the thoughtful, well-read man stands in no need of having the character of Hamlet interpreted to him by an actor." He wants the play, and "any actor of fair intelligence, trained on the répertoire system, would be good enough." There may be a "thoughtful, well-read man" who is so easily contented; but I have not had the privilege of meeting him. An extensive experience of playgoers, English and American, who are intelligently interested in Shakspeare, convinces me that they become vehement partisans of some distinguished Hamlets, and lukewarm, not to say hostile, to others. The undistinguished Hamlet, the actor of "fair intelligence," who takes the part in the course of his training, they would not tolerate.

The truth is that very few actors in a generation are qualified to play Hamlet at all; and the thoughtful, well-read person who is ready to take any Hamlet the repertory plan could offer him might find himself the solitary spectator. My oracle says that repertory acting "would be merely adequate." "Nothing more is needed, since those who went to the theatre would go to see the play, not the actor." Indeed! Let the same play be produced at two theatres with "merely adequate" acting in one case, and exceptionally good acting in the other; or, let us say, with popular favourites at one house, and meritorious aspirants at the other house. Which box-office will do the greater business? It is idle to ignore these elementary distinctions. A thoughtful, well-read arbiter in one of the magazines says there can be no hope for the drama until the actor is "suppressed." The business of the actor is not to "act," but to speak the lines "harmoniously." I suppose that the thoughtful, well-read gentleman would do the acting in his own remarkable head. He informs us further that the "vanity of realism" on the stage began with the impersonation of feminine parts by women. When women were played by boys, the thoughtful and well-read had an exquisite illusion, which is ruined by the real woman. It only remains for some other oracle to announce that Shakspeare intended women to be represented by boys, and that his intention must be held sacred.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

Picturesque scenes, varying between the planet of Venus, an English astronomer's college-gardens, and that inevitable Paris; lovely dresses, exceptionally refined in colouring; rippling music, marked by those odd turns and twists of melody, that sensible abundance of concerted work, which afforded delight in "Florodora," rollicking dances (notably one supplied by half-a-dozen amber-dressed damsels and attendant waiters), and a coherent and not unimaginative story—the story of a supernatural and man-seeking visitant exiled from the Adamless Eden of Venus:—all these good qualities are to be discovered in Messrs. "Owen Hall" and Leslie Stuart's new Lyric extravaganza, "The Silver Slipper." But whereas the composer has contributed his full share of the delightful features of the entertainment, even to the invention of an elaborate and ambitious "Invocation to Venus," and has hit upon several piquant numbers which are sure of popularity, Mr. Owen Hall, as librettist, has forgotten to look sufficiently after the fun of the play, and has sketched for Mr. Edouin, the low comedian of the production, but the barest outline of one of his inevitable vagabond showman characters. Moreover, Mr. Leslie Stuart finds his score better interpreted by subordinate than by leading vocalists. Not Miss Coralie Blythe, who as the showman's daughter proves a very dainty comédienne, nor Miss Nancy Girling, overtaxed in her one sentimental duet, nor even Miss Winifred Hare, the arch and vivacious exponent of the lady from Venus, can boast remarkable singing power. Still, Miss Hare, though a trifle self-conscious and assured, has already established herself a general favourite; Miss Connie Ediss has some fresh social confidences to offer; and Mr. Edouin, thanks to some new tricks and catchwords, seems to have got the rough material for a rôle of the "old pro." type which will one day be amusing.

"WOMEN ARE SO SERIOUS," AT THE COURT.

It is a slight and mechanical little play which Mr. Brandon Thomas has fashioned from M. Wolff's "Celles Qu'on Respecte," but it is one which treats discreetly and lightly an awkward situation, and affords Mr. Frederick Kerr, as a fickle philanderer, a new and yet suitable sort of character. The best scene of the Court farce is the meeting of two of this Lothario's victims, a *femme incomprise* of a hysterical nature, and his fiancée, an army nurse of doubtful origin and unabridged tongue, wherein the Bohemian, admirably played by Miss Constance Collier, breaks with her faithless swain and gives her helpless rival the straightest of straight talks. Neatly, too, are illustrated the amorist's embarrassments under his married sweetheart's exacting ardours, and in these moments both Mr. Kerr (easiest and most natural of comedians) and Miss Ellis Jeffreys (an actress with a nice sense of humour and much nervous force) are seen at their best. The play's solution is of the usual conventional kind, and one wonders how often Mr. Giddens, who repeats his familiar rôle of the henpecked husband, has had to enact in his noisy style the hackneyed humbug of matrimonial reconciliation. Still, though very tame, the last act enables Mr. Standing to produce a diverting and imposing effect as a reticent Major; and Miss Terry Lewis, if too young and unknowing for the part, to suggest some of the fascination of the widow who serves as *deus ex machina* of the intrigue.

"A LADY FROM TEXAS," AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's first play runs on the same lines as those followed by the new comedy which Mr. Brandon Thomas has just adapted for the Court; for Colonel Vernon, like Major Twyford—and the hero of "Brighton"—is one of those (theatrical) lovers who protest their affection to every pretty woman they meet. "A Lady from Texas" also resembles some of Mr. Jones's recent comedies, possessing, as it does, in its leading character a worldly wise person who—*inter alia*—makes a business of frustrating the dangerous flirtation that goes on between the gallant young officer aforesaid and a young married lady—the *femme incomprise* of the piece. And this newest comedy of intrigue recalls memories of another of Mr. Wyndham's successes, in that the husband of the play, like "The Home Secretary," of Mr. Carton's imagination, is a Cabinet Minister who neglects his wife in the interests of high politics. In Great Queen Street Miss Kitty Cheetham plays cleverly enough the interfering lady who checks the Colonel's flirtation and hooks an English Duke. Mr. Charles Cartwright and Miss Cynthia Brooke play respectively the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor's wife. The piece is a bright and not unpromising little comedy.

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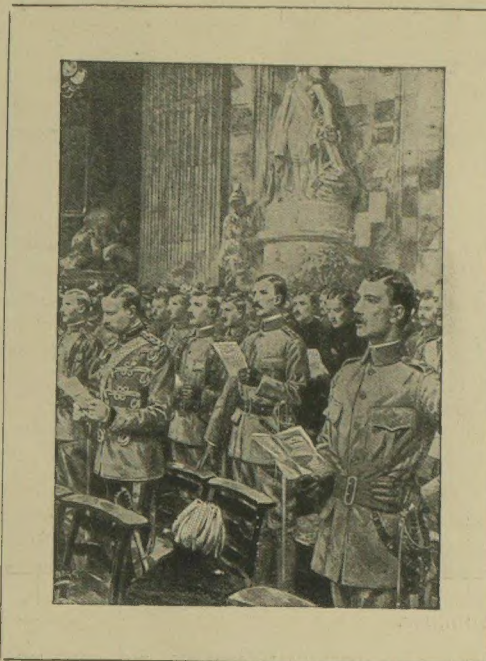
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MAJOR-GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS.



MAJOR-GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN LEAVING BERKHAMSTED STATION.

THE VISIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN TO GREAT BERKHAMSTED ON JUNE 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWMAN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA IN GERMANY.

The Queen of Holland and her consort, Prince Henry, arrived at Potsdam late last week as the guests of the German Emperor and Empress. A great banquet celebrated their arrival, and the Emperor, in a speech charged with sentiment, proposed the Queen of Holland's health. His Majesty, who remembered the visit of the great-granddaughter of Louisa Henrietta, "the Rose of Orange," to the same halls when she was "in tender childhood," greeted her now "in the full springtide of life, by the side of a beloved husband of genuine German stock." God was invoked by the Emperor to preserve the lives of her Majesty and her consort "for the welfare of Orange, the welfare of Holland, and all that that implies." The Queen spoke for herself in a simple reply, expressing the hope that the good relations between "our two Houses, related by blood, may always subsist for the welfare of

ourselves and of our peoples." The welcome given by the Emperor was warmly supplemented by that of the Press and the public. No more popular figure could be easily supplied than that of the young Queen of the Netherlands as she gave audience to the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, or received the welcome of the Burgomaster of Berlin, or sat in the royal box at the Opera House, or witnessed the grand parade of the Berlin Garrison, and was herself appointed a Colonel of Guards Chasseurs. On the return journey the Queen's train stopped at Charlottenburg so that she might again receive the homage of the Dutch colony of Berlin, who made offerings of roses and sang national songs. The Queen, who everywhere held up a smiling face to the crowd, expressed the pleasure which her visit had given her. She left Germany with the Order of Queen Louise of Prussia, while Prince Henry of the Netherlands received the Order of the Black Eagle. The generally favourable

impression made in Germany by the Queen's visit has extended over the borders, and is echoed in the Dutch and Belgian Press.

GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN AT BERKHAMSTED.

Major-General Smith-Dorrien, who will shortly proceed to India to take up his duties as Adjutant-General, was publicly received on June 1 at his native town, Great Berkhamsted, Herts. At the railway station a decorated platform had been erected, and there Mr. G. Loader, Chairman of the Local Board, presented on behalf of the townspeople an address of welcome and congratulation on the General's safe return from South Africa and recent appointment. General Smith-Dorrien was then escorted by the Herts Yeomanry and one hundred gentlemen of the local hunts and representatives of the burgh tradesmen on horseback to Haresfoot Park, the home of his boyhood.

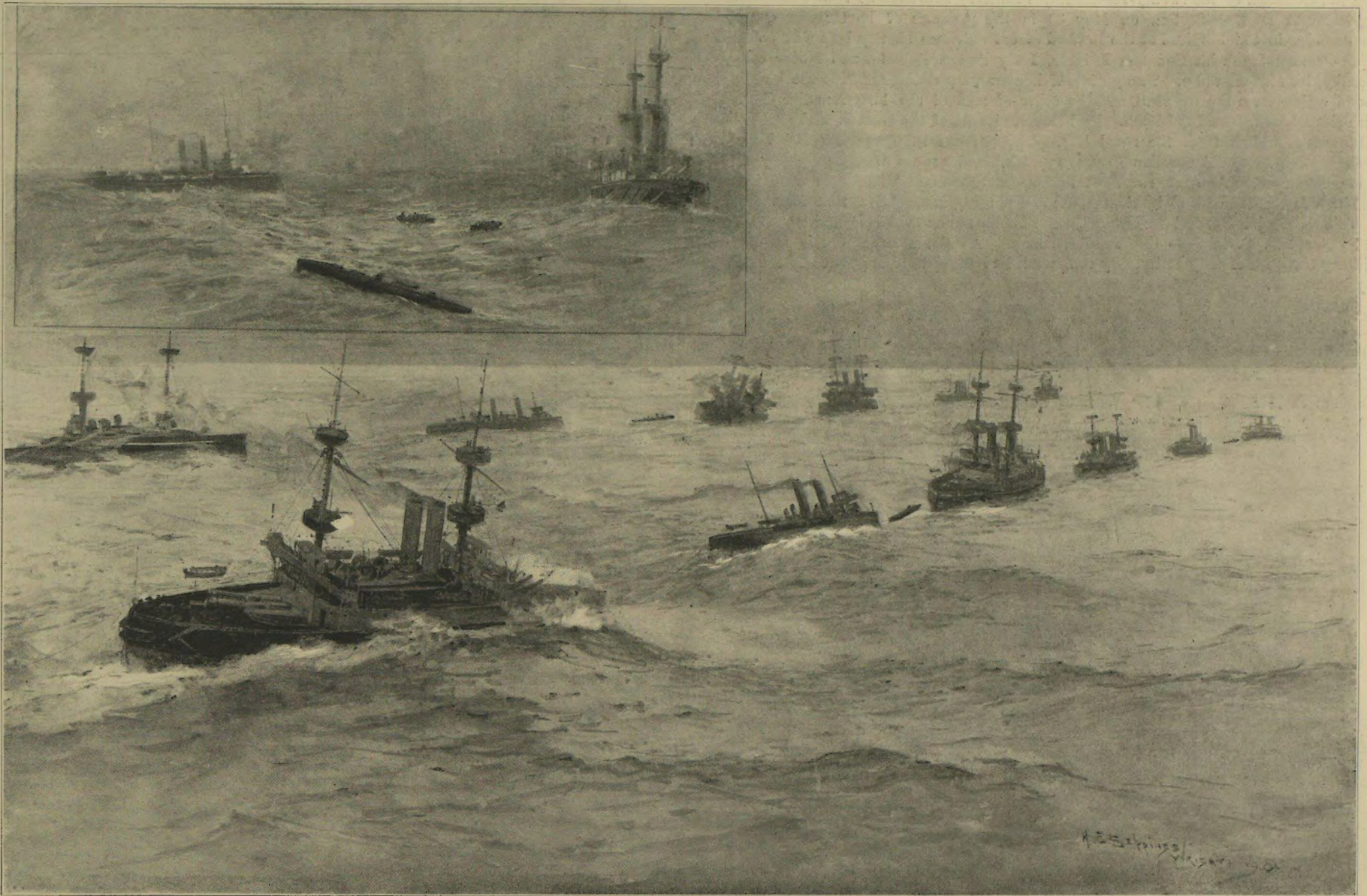


Photo. Ottomar Anschütz.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND IN BERLIN: THE BURGOMASTER RECEIVING QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE GERMAN EMPRESS NEAR THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

RECENT EVOLUTIONS OF THE CHANNEL AND MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRONS.

"MAN OVERBOARD" FROM TORPEDO BOAT No. 57.



THE END OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON'S CRUISE: THE SQUADRON TOWING ITS TORPEDO-BOATS DURING ROUGH WEATHER IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.

FROM SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

On May 30 a stoker fell overboard from Torpedo-Boat No. 57 and was drowned, although every effort was made to save him by boats from the "Resolution" and "Pelorus." On May 31 the ships dispersed to their home ports to prepare for the manoeuvres.



Royal Oak. Victorious. Caesar. Renown. Canopus. Illustrious. R milles. Empress of India.

THE BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON AT STEAM TACTICS.

DRAWN BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The inauguration of the twenty-second Royal Military Tournament took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on May 30 in the presence of Earl Roberts. The Commander-in-Chief arrived at the Barford Street entrance shortly before two o'clock in an open carriage with Countess Roberts, Lady Aileen Roberts, and Major Phipps Hornby, his aide-de-camp. Two guards of honour were stationed inside the building, one of sailors from the *Excellent*, and the other of men of the 1st Grenadier Guards, with the colour, under Lord Loch. Earl Roberts inspected the Guards, and afterwards witnessed the show from the royal box. The pageant this year is entitled "The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth," and proves a very popular part of the programme. Another excellent feature is the fine performance of Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles" by the massed bands, comprising no less than six hundred musicians. Major-General Sir Henry Trotter is Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Colonel F. C. Ricardo the Vice-Chairman. As the Tournament is in aid of military charities it may be heartily commended to the public support. The closing day is June 13.

THE "WILLIAM TELL" FESTIVAL PLAY AT ALTDORF.

The interest aroused by the Passion Play of Oberammergau in recent years seems to have directed general attention to the capabilities of the drama on its religious and patriotic side, when it becomes not merely an amusement, but a solemn commemoration. The play of "William Tell," as given this summer at Altdorf by the people of the place, is as noble an expression of the national consciousness of the Swiss as the Oberammergau Passionspiel is of the religious faith of the Bavarian peasant. The idea of presenting the heroic story on the very spot on which it occurred took definite shape when the Tell Monument was erected in 1895, and was not so ambitious as it might appear to the community of an English town. The people of Altdorf have long been accustomed to form societies among themselves for glee and chorus singing and amateur acting. A committee was soon formed, the parts were cast, and Herr Gustav Thiess, Director of the State Theatre at Lucerne, undertook to train the performers. These are almost all residents in Altdorf



THE FIRST DERBY WINNER OF THE CENTURY: MR. W. C. WHITNEY'S VOLODYOVSKI.

Volodyovski, which started on June 5 as first favourite, maintained the expectations of his backers. The runners up were William the Third and Veronese.

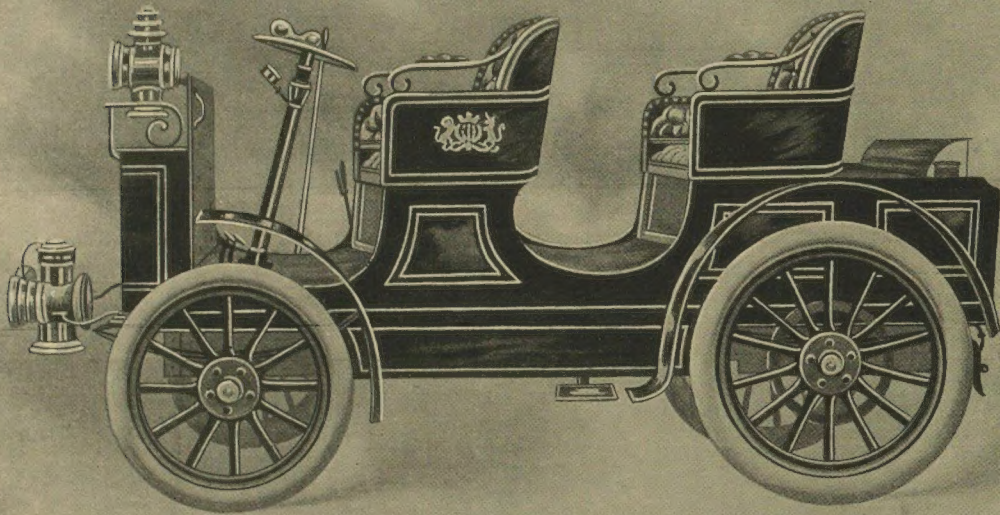
or texture with the Oriental dress. Even Buckingham Palace garden-parties, with their unrivalled interests and fascinations, have not these. Already suggestions as to new features for garden gatherings are being made, one grave morning journalist suggesting, for instance, that the higher clergy, not likely to be Deans or Bishops, should be added to the invitation-list. If suggestions are really to be the order of the day, one could wish that they might tend to the addition of some of those features by which a Chinese host and hostess supply not only an opportunity for brilliant social intercourse, but also a scene which satisfies the eye.

THE NEW LOUIS ROOMS AT THE LOUVRE.

Five new rooms at the Louvre were thrown open to the public on Monday, May 20. They contain a number of beautiful articles of furniture of the time of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. which were formerly hidden away in warehouses or Government offices. The same sources are to supply a collection for Versailles.

MOTORS FOR THE KING AND QUEEN.

It was reported early in the season on credible authority that his Majesty had declared his intention of making a motor-car a necessity for every English gentleman before the summer closes. Be that as it may, King Edward's interest in the motor is very practical, and he has had built for him a car on the Gardner-Serpollet principle. Queen Alexandra shares the King's interest in this form of locomotion, with electricity as the power, and has had a machine built by the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Company.

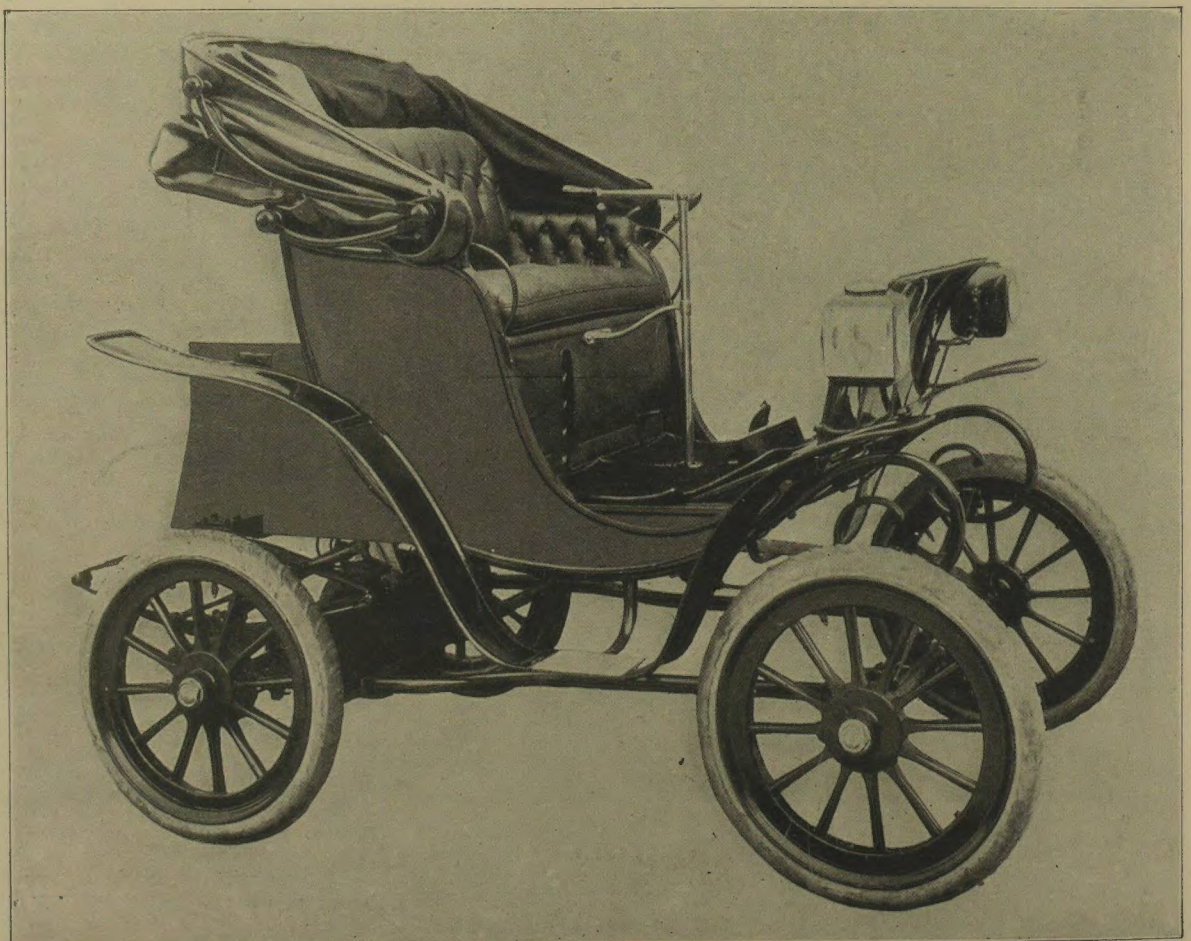


MOTOR-CAR BUILT FOR THE KING BY THE GARDNER-SERPOLLET COMPANY.

and the neighbourhood. The part of William Tell is taken by Herr Huber, one of the leading local tradesmen, who has held high office in the Commune. Gessler, the Austrian agent, is represented by Herr Arnold, a hotel-keeper; and the schoolmaster takes the part of the brave old Baron of Attinghausen. Clerks, printers, artisans, a hairdresser, and a veterinary surgeon figure in the list of players. The play has been described as an open-air performance. This is not correct. The new theatre, opened in 1899, although merely put together with rough unpainted boards, affords sufficient protection from the weather. The seats are so arranged that each place commands a good view of the stage, and the building is lighted with electricity. The scenery and costumes would do credit to many London theatres. The play begins at half-past one, and long before that the procession of men, women, and children from the neighbouring villages begins to stream up the road from Fluelen. The climax of interest is, of course, to be found in the scene in the third act of the play in which Tell, who has declined to do homage to Gessler's hat erected on a pole, is commanded to ransom his child's life and his own by shooting an apple off the boy's head. The performance is held on Sundays throughout the summer.

A GARDEN-PARTY IN CHINA.

The drawing of a Chinese garden-party comes to us as a welcome reminder that all is not grim and disastrous in the land of the sun. There are still territories unaffected by the travail of the past year, and there the musicians make music and the dancers dance. The sense of composition, which is an instinct in the East, has yielded to the artist ready-made materials. For pictorial purposes a garden which has no steps is, in all respects, a flat affair. The East gives us, in its designs, a variety of levels; the musicians in our illustration being raised a little higher than the dancers, while the guests enter the pleasure-ground on an eminence. Garden-parties in London cannot hope to be so picturesque in position, any more than the Occidental black frock-coat and black-lead top-hat can compare in beauty of shape or colour



MOTOR-CAR BUILT FOR THE QUEEN BY THE CITY AND SUBURBAN ELECTRIC CARRIAGE COMPANY.

Photo. Denton.

PERSONAL.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and by the three elder children of the Duke of Cornwall and York, received in the royal garden at Windsor Castle last Saturday the principal members of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Among those who accompanied the party was Lord Brassey, the President of the London Chamber of Commerce. Last Monday (June 3) the Duke of Cornwall and York celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday at Sydney, the day being turned into a public holiday in honour of his Royal Highness. On the morning of Monday the King proceeded to town, and shortly after his arrival at Marlborough House he held an Investiture in St. James's Palace. The Queen, accompanied by the four children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, arrived in London on the evening of the same day. Their Majesties are expected to remain in town until after the 12th, on which day the King will present war medals to the Household Cavalry and the City Imperial Volunteers. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have left Kilmainham for the Curragh.

Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, whose setting of "Much Ado About Nothing" has been performed with great success at Covent Garden, was born in 1852 in Ireland, where his father held the post of Examiner to the Court of Chancery. After leaving Cambridge he studied music at Leipzig under Reinecke, and at Berlin under Kiel. The mere enumeration of some of the offices he has since held gives a clue to his industry, and the success by which it has been crowned. He has been organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, conductor



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD,
Composer of "Much Ado About Nothing."

of the University Musical Society, of the Bach Choir, and of the Leeds Philharmonic Society; Professor of Music at Cambridge, and of Composition and Orchestral Playing in the Royal College of Music. He is M.A., Mus.D., and D.C.L. He has produced many operas, both here and in Germany, and his publications are both numerous and well known. Dr. Villiers Stanford married Jennie, daughter of the late C. Wetton, of Joldwynds, Surrey.

An American lady has offered £200 to any commercial man who can prove that he has conducted his business "honestly and without lying for a month." Five arbitrators are to test the claims to the prize. The American lady does not believe it will be won, as the successful claimant would have to confess that honesty had made him a pauper.

The Mayor of Harrogate, Dr. James Aitkin Myrtle, whose death, after an operation for acute laryngitis, occurred on June 2, was in his forty-first year, and had been in practice in Harrogate for eighteen years. He received his education at Winchester College, Edinburgh University, Vienna, and Würzburg, and was an M.D. of Edinburgh. Dr. Myrtle was unanimously elected Mayor in 1899, and was re-elected in November last. He was a Surgeon-Lieutenant in the Yorkshire Hussars, now in camp at Harrogate, and since the camp opened he had been daily on parade. He rode to hounds with the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty Hunts, and was a hearty supporter of the local cricket club.



Photo, Asquith.

THE LATE DR. J. A. MYRTLE,
Mayor of Harrogate.

The motor-car race from Paris to Bordeaux was won by a Frenchman, M. Fournier, who covered the distance of more than 300 miles in a little over eight hours. Care was taken that the pace should be regulated when the cars passed through towns, and there was no mishap of any kind. The victor admitted that he had been severely tried by the prolonged strain of excitement.

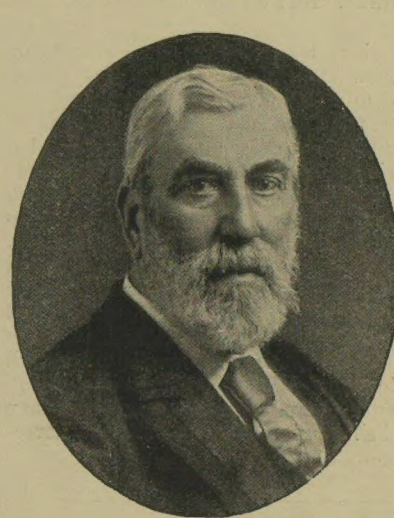
A useful development of the motor-car industry in this country is promised by the proposal to establish night services between London and various parts of the country. This would mean an increased facility in the transport of market produce, and in time would probably have no small effect on the excessive railway rates for goods.

One of the most curious pieces of information from South Africa is sent by Reuter's correspondent at Klerksdorp. He says that the bitterness of the Boer women against the British has yielded to kind treatment, and that the refugees in the camps are on such excellent terms with the soldiers that Boer widows are entering freely into matrimonial engagements with non-commissioned officers. This is the best omen for the future that has yet emerged from the complications of our great task in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony.

At a time when great poets are sadly to seek, France is happy in the possession of M. Edmond Rostand, who has just been elected an Academician. The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" has another point of contact with public interest just now from the fact that his chief dramatic poems are being interpreted to English audiences by two leaders of the French stage—Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin. M. Edmond Rostand, son of the poet Joseph Eugène Rostand, produced his first play, "Les Romanesques," in 1894 at the Comédie Française. "La Princesse Lointaine" and "La Samaritaine" followed; and fame came to him in 1897 with "Cyrano de Bergerac," which has established its claim to be accounted a classic. "L'Aiglon," a play turning on the life-story of the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, is picturesque and poetical, but has not enjoyed anything approaching the remarkable vogue of "Cyrano."

Mr. G. A. Pease has been elected for the Saffron Walden Division of Essex by a majority of 792 over Mr. Ernest Gray. At the last election, Lord Wodehouse had a majority of 110. Mr. Pease makes the fourth member of his family sitting in the House of Commons. He is a Liberal Imperialist.

Sir Andrew Fairbairn died at his London residence in Portland Place at the end of last week. He had lately returned, with Lady Fairbairn, from his house at Biarritz, hoping to find some relief in a serious operation, which, however, did not avert the fatal termination of his illness. Born at Glasgow in 1828, the only son of Sir Peter Fairbairn, he was educated at Geneva, at Glasgow, and at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he graduated as Thirty-seventh Wrangler in 1850—a college to which in later life he was a generous benefactor. He was called to the Bar, but shortly put aside his stuff gown to enter the firm of machine-makers established in Leeds by his father. In 1868 he was knighted, on the occasion of a visit of the Prince of Wales to Leeds; and in 1880 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for a division of the West Riding. Sir John, who afterwards joined the Unionist party and unsuccessfully contested the Pudsey Division, took a leading part in various international exhibitions and railway congresses. He married, in 1862, Clara, daughter of the late Sir John Lambton Lorraine.

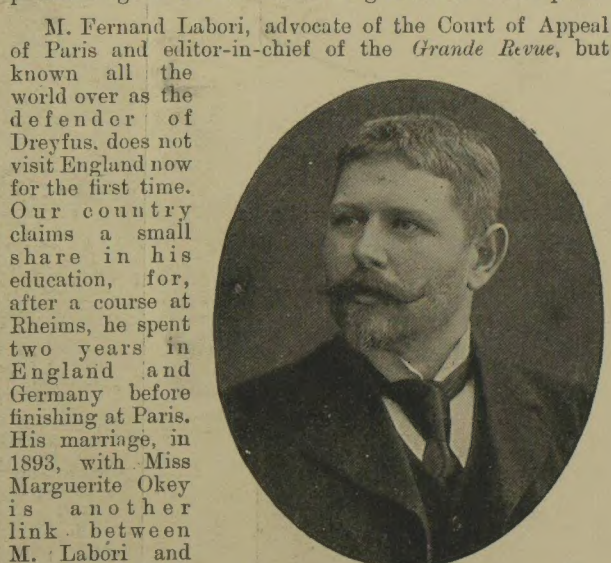


Photo, Elliott and Fry.

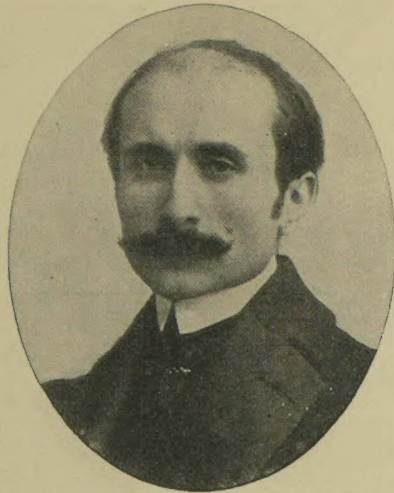
THE LATE SIR ANDREW FAIRBAIRN,
Distinguished Engineer.

Weimar is about to erect a monument to Shakspeare. The wonder is that this was not done long ago; for the chief glory of Weimar is Goethe, and he was never weary of proclaiming his indebtedness to the greatest of British poets.

M. Fernand Labori, advocate of the Court of Appeal of Paris and editor-in-chief of the *Grande Revue*, but known all the world over as the defender of Dreyfus, does not visit England now for the first time. Our country claims a small share in his education, for, after a course at Rheims, he spent two years in England and Germany before finishing at Paris. His marriage, in 1893, with Miss Marguerite Okey is another link between M. Labori and England. Called to the Bar in 1884, he soon found himself in the conduct of famous cases, which had their climax in the Zola trial and the Dreyfus appeal. The physical dangers he braved during his defence of Dreyfus are fresh in the public memory, and added a zest to the receptions accorded to him this week at the dinners devised in his honour by members of our own Bar. M. Labori has come early to international fame, for he is only just forty-one years old.



Photo, Gerschel, Paris.

M. FERNAND LABORI,
The Defender of Dreyfus, on a Visit to England.

Photo, Nadar, Paris.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND,
New Member of the French Academy.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, one of the few French publicists who are friendly to this country, advises us to give up our ambition to seize the French colonies such as Annam, Pondicherry, and Madagascar. It would be interesting to know when any responsible Englishman has expressed the slightest yearning for those possessions.

A painful impression has been made by the statements of authorities like Mr. Frank Bullen and Captain Lamb as to the growth of drunkenness among British sailors in the mercantile marine. Mr. Bullen believes this to be the main reason why so many foreign seamen are employed in our ships. In the Navy the effects of discipline make the British sailor the finest example of his class, but there is no discipline in the mercantile marine.

Mr. Dowie, whose lectures in London used to excite the ire of medical students, announced at a meeting in America that he was the prophet Elijah. He called on all who believed the statement to stand up, and three thousand people are said to have responded. Then he made a collection.

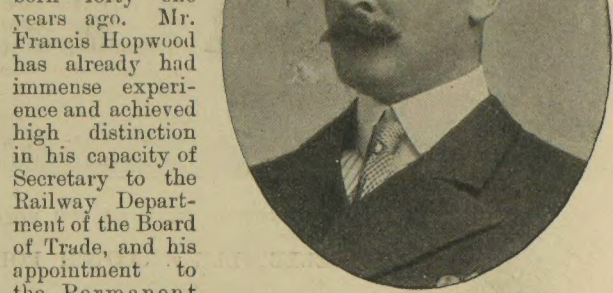
Mr. Francis John Stephens Hopwood, C.B., C.M.G., has been appointed by the President of the Board of Trade to be Permanent Secretary in succession to the late Sir Courtenay Boyle. The son of Mr. James T. Hopwood, a well-known member of the Bar, he was born forty-one years ago. Mr. Francis Hopwood has already had immense experience and achieved high distinction in his capacity of Secretary to the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, and his appointment to the Permanent Secretaryship has given general satisfaction in the department. Mr. Francis Hopwood has been twice married, first to Alice, daughter of Captain Smith-Neill, R.A.; and secondly to Florence, daughter of Lieutenant-General Black, C.S.I.

Sir Alfred Hickman has had an interesting correspondence with Lord George Hamilton. He complained to the Secretary for India of the official preference given to foreign manufacturers in the execution of Government orders for locomotives. Lord George Hamilton answered that in such cases it had been found that the foreign article was cheaper and more quickly supplied than the home-made article. British engineers too often pleaded that they were too busy to take Government orders. Sir Alfred Hickman rejoined with figures to show that foreign locomotives cost so much to work and to repair that there is no real saving.

News of the sudden death, from failure of the heart, of Colonel Victor Milward, M.P., at Dinan, near St. Malo, where he had gone for the Whitsuntide recess, was received at the works at Redditch on Friday last week. The Colonel, who was sixty years of age, was one of the directors of Henry Milward and Sons, Limited, needle and fishing-tackle manufacture. His interest in the Volunteer Movement was of long duration; and when the war began in South Africa he volunteered, but failed to pass the medical test. He had many interests at home, however. He was J.P. for Warwickshire and Worcestershire, D.L. of Worcestershire, in which county he once served as High Sheriff. He served as Chairman of the Worcestershire County Council, of which body he was an Alderman. He was an enthusiast about the cultivation of beet sugar in this country; he had pigeon-holed a scheme for old-age pensions; he suggested the chain of bonfires for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and also the publication of war news at the post-offices on Sunday. He entered Parliament in 1895 as Conservative member for the Stratford-on-Avon Division, and was returned at the last General Election without a contest.

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Mrs. Creighton has now recovered from her serious illness, and is at work on the biography of the late Bishop of London. She would be much indebted to any persons who may have letters from Bishop Creighton, if they would kindly send them to her at the Palace, Hampton Court. Letters lent will be returned with as little delay as possible.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

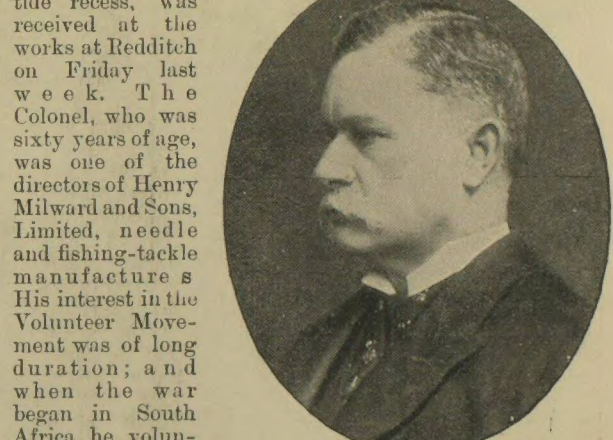
MR. F. J. S. HOPWOOD,
New Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade.

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Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE COLONEL MILWARD,
M.P. for Stratford-on-Avon Division.

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Photo. Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

H.M.S. "MINERVA," FITTED WITH SCOTCH BOILERS.



Photo. Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

H.M.S. "HYACINTH," FITTED WITH BELLEVILLE BOILERS.

BELLEVILLE v. SCOTCH BOILERS: THE TEST RACE BETWEEN CRUISERS FROM SPITHEAD TO GIBRALTAR.

THE BOILER COMPETITION IN THE NAVY.

H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and *Minerva* are to race, Belleville boiler against Scotch boiler, from Spithead to Gibraltar. The Boiler Committee will look on at this trial of strength and speed, about which so much theoretical knowledge has been acquired by them. The *Hyacinth* will carry the Bellevilles, and the *Minerva* the Scotch. In various departments of the two great fighting services experiments are the order of the day, but small must be the relative importance of, say, the coast fog-signals inquiry when compared with the investigation of the superiority of one or other of the boilers on which the efficiency of the Navy and the lives of engineers and firemen so largely depend. The House of Commons has long been the arena for the champions of the one system and the other, so that the salient points of the controversy are familiar to politicians in general, and not merely to the

zealous group of members interested in Service matters. The form of Mr. William Allan is familiar to the House as it dominates in denunciation of Bellevilles; and this marine-engine builder, from the Scotia Works at Sunderland, who has himself acted as chief engineer on board a blockade-runner during the American Civil War, has elicited from the responsible officials admissions which have been cheered and counter-cheered by enthusiasts for Belleville or for Scotch boilers. At a time of tension, an accident to one or the other boiler systems was hailed almost as a triumph by the rival disputants whose contentions the catastrophe seemed to favour. All these things the Boiler Committee have had in calm review. Meanwhile, Bellevilles are still much in demand. The *Kent*, for example, which left the stocks so lately as in March, will depend for its steam-power upon no fewer than thirty-one Belleville boilers, giving 22,000 indicated horse-

power and a trial speed of twenty-two knots. The results of the Committee of Inquiry will be awaited by the country with unusual interest, and will be received with a sense of relief arising from the confidence generally felt in the competence of the tribunal entrusted with the investigation.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS IN PORCHESTER CREEK.

The staff of H.M.S. *Vernon* have recently been engaged in a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining the precise value of booms for harbour defence. A wire hawser enclosed in wooden spars was attacked by explosives in three places at once, with the result that the boom was blown to fragments. One of our photographs gives an excellent idea of the great upheaval of water caused by the explosion; the other shows the effect made upon a boat by a torpedo.



Photo. West, Southsea.

BLOWING UP A BOOM IN PORCHESTER CREEK.

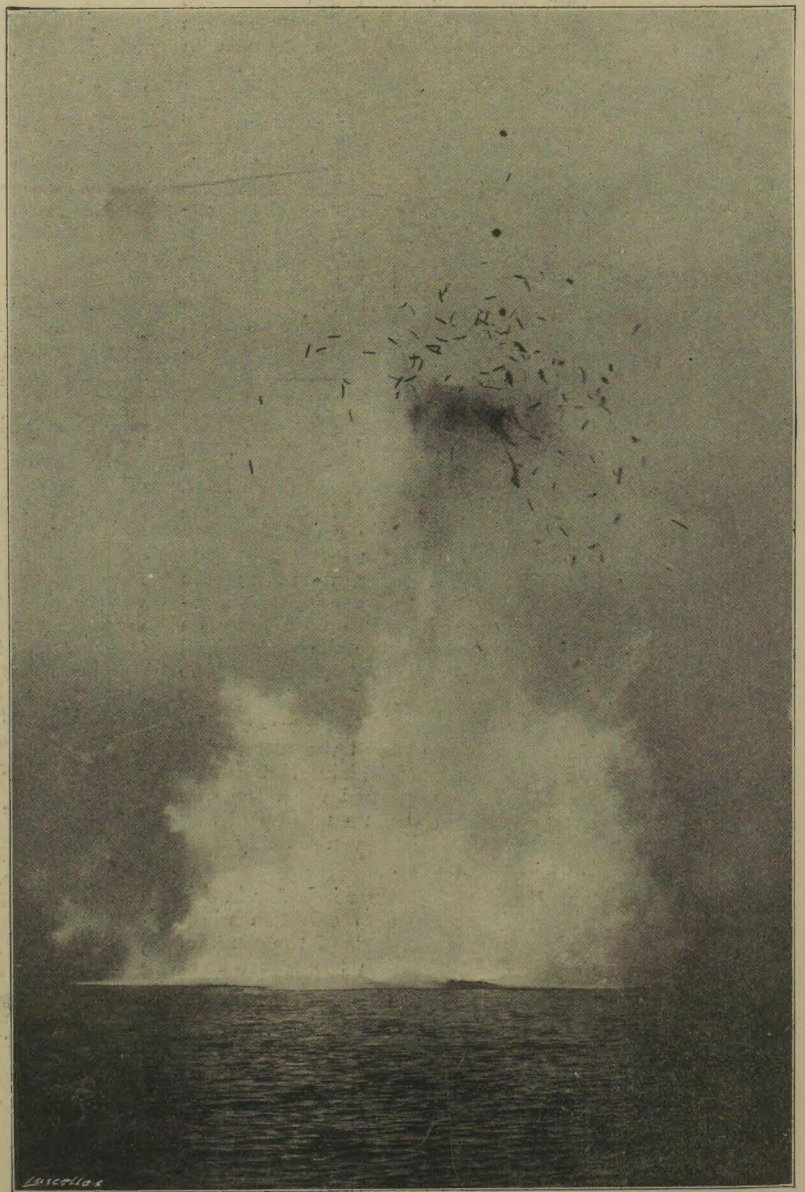
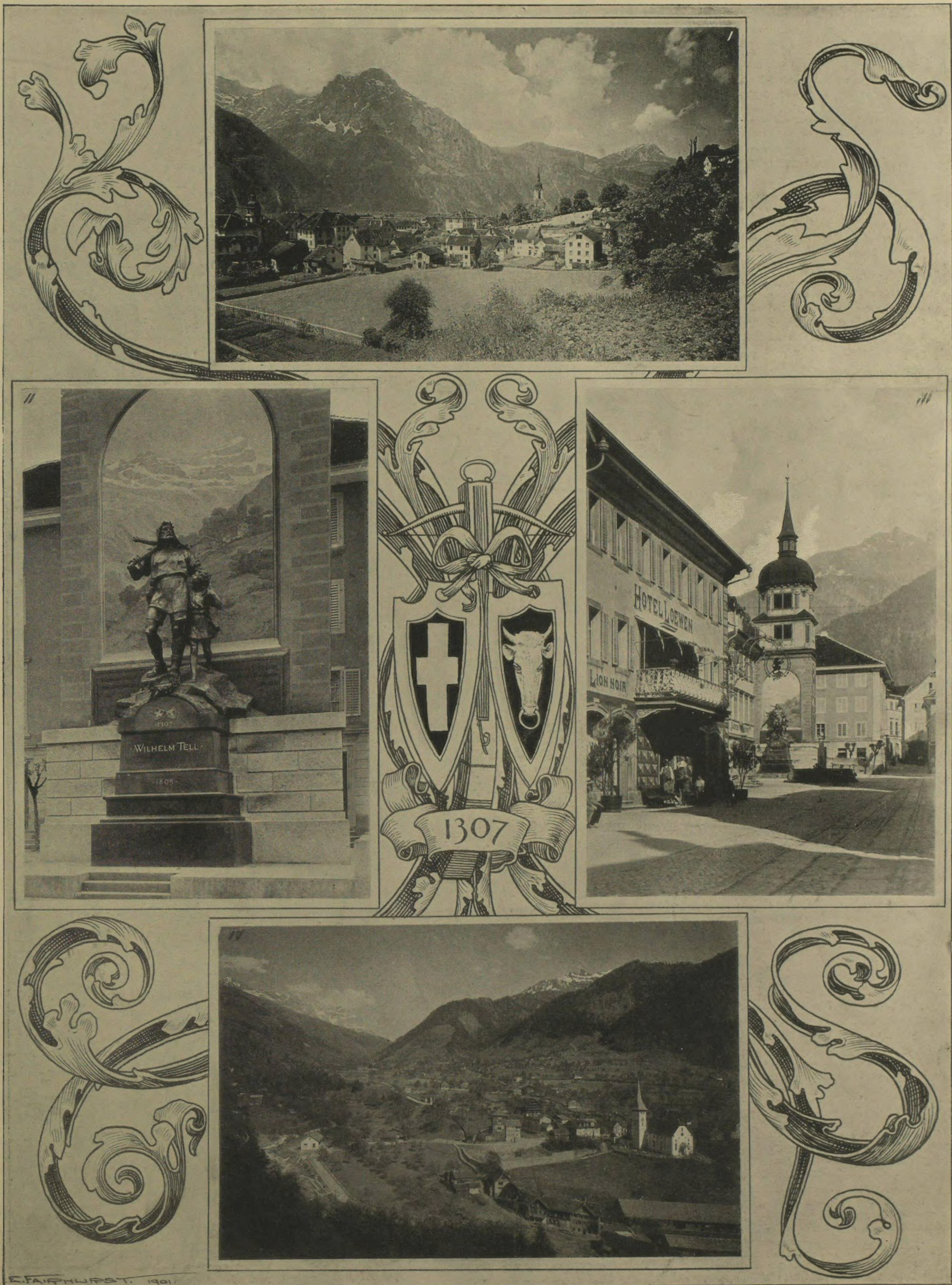


Photo. West, Southsea.

A BOAT BLOWN UP BY A TORPEDO IN PORCHESTER CREEK.

THE RECENT EXPERIMENTS ON THE PRACTICABILITY OF BOOMS FOR HARBOUR DEFENCE.

THE WILLIAM TELL FESTIVAL PLAY AT ALTDORF.



1. ALTDORF.

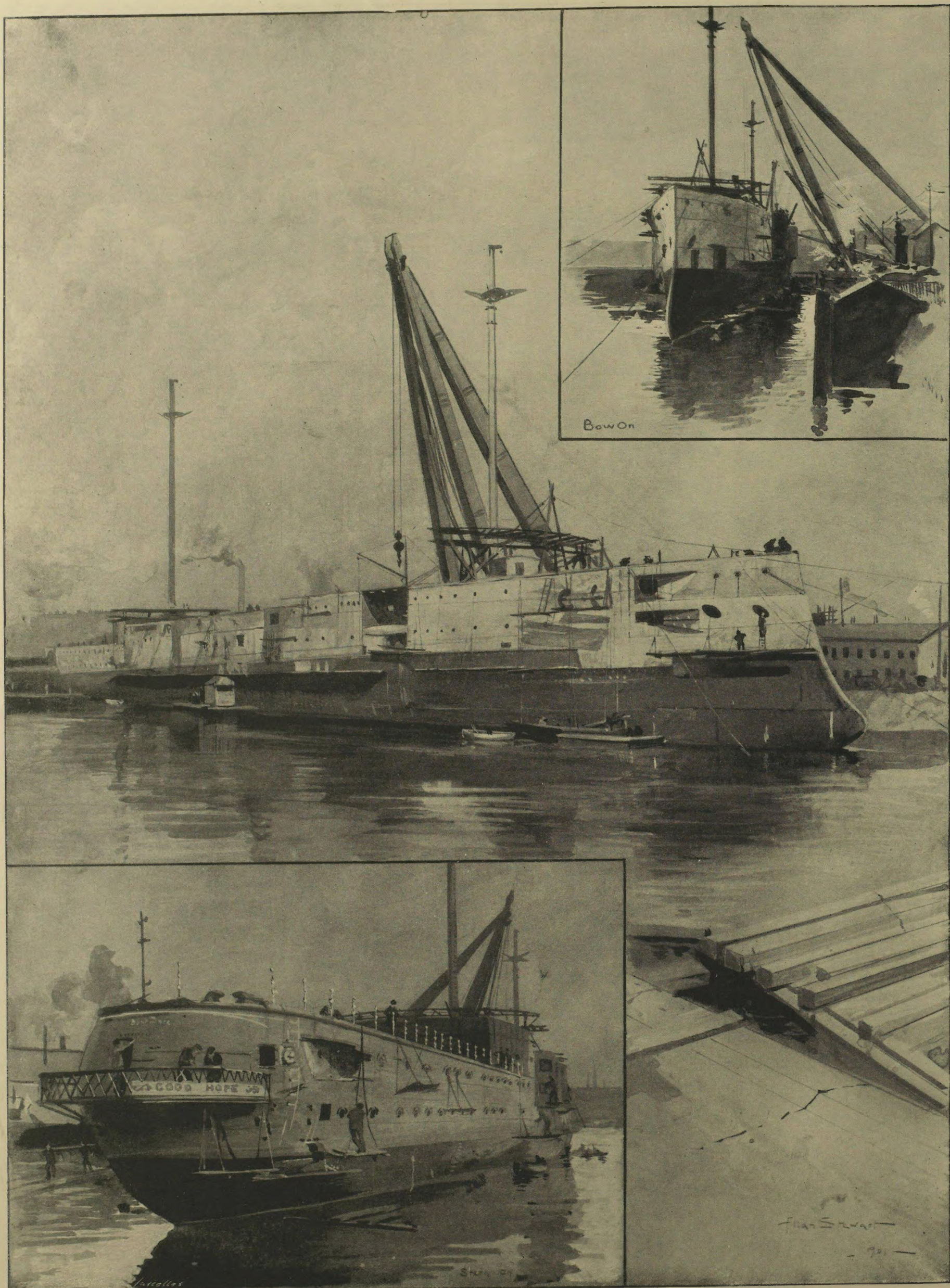
2. THE TELL MONUMENT AT ALTDORF.

3. ALTDORF MARKET-PLACE AND THE TELL MONUMENT.

4. BURGLEN AND THE SCHÄCHENTHAL.

H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE," THE LARGEST AND FASTEST ARMOURED CRUISER AFLOAT.

DRAWN AT THE FAIRFIELD YARD BY ALLAN STEWART.



The "Good Hope" is so named in commemoration of the contribution to the Royal Navy given by Cape Colony. She is of 14,000 tons burden, and of 30,000 indicated horse-power under normal draught.

A MERCURY OF THE FOOT-HILLS

BY BRET HARTE



ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

IT was high hot noon on the Casket Ridge. Its very scant shade was restricted to a few dwarf Scotch firs, and was so perpendicularly cast that Leonidas Boone, seeking shelter from the heat, was obliged to draw himself up under one of them, as if it were an umbrella. Occasionally, with a boy's perversity, he permitted one bared foot to protrude beyond the sharply marked shadow until the burning sun forced him to draw it in again, with a thrill of satisfaction. There was no earthly reason why he had not sought the larger shadow of the pine-trees which reared themselves against the Ridge on the slope below him, except that he was a boy, and perhaps even more superstitious and opinionated than most boys. Having got under this tree with infinite care, he had made up his mind that he would not move from it until its line of shade reached and touched a certain stone on the trail near him. *Why* he did this he did not know, but he clung to his sublime purpose with the courage and tenacity of a youthful Casabianca. He was cramped, tickled by dust and fir-sprays; he was supremely uncomfortable—but he stayed! A woodpecker was monotonously tapping in an adjacent pine, with measured intervals of silence, which he always firmly believed was a certain telegraphy of the bird's own making; a green-and-gold lizard flashed by his foot to stiffen itself suddenly with a rigidity equal to his own. Still he stirred not. The shadow gradually crept nearer the mystic stone—and touched it. He sprang up, shook himself, and prepared to go about his business. This was simply an errand to the post-office at the cross-roads, scarcely a mile from his father's house. He was already half-way there. He had taken only the better part of one hour for this desultory journey!

However, he now proceeded on his way, diverging only to follow a fresh rabbit-track a few hundred yards, to note that the animal had doubled twice against the wind, and then, naturally, he was obliged to look closely for other tracks to determine its pursuers. He paused also, but only for a moment, to rap thrice on the trunk of the pine where the woodpecker was at work, which he knew would make it cease work for a time—as it did. Having thus renewed his relations with nature, he discovered that one of the letters he was taking to the post-office had slipped in some mysterious way from the bosom of his shirt, where he carried them, past his waistband into his trouser-leg, and was about to make a casual delivery of itself on the trail. This caused him to take out his letters and count them, when he found one missing. He had been given four letters to post—he had only three. There was a big one in his father's handwriting, two indistinctive ones of his mother's, and a smaller one of his sister's—that was gone! Not at all disconcerted, he calmly retraced his steps, following his own tracks minutely, with a grim face and a distinct delight in the process, while looking—perfunctorily—for the letter. In the midst of this slow progress, a bright idea struck him. He walked back to



"Promise me that you won't read this address."

the fir-tree where he had rested, and found the lost missive. It had slipped out of his shirt when he shook himself. He was not particularly pleased. He knew that nobody would give him credit for his trouble in going back for it, or his astuteness in guessing where it was. He heaved the sigh of misunderstood genius, and again started for the post-office. This time he carried the letters openly and ostentatiously in his hand.

Presently he heard a voice say: "Hey!" It was a gentle, musical, woman's voice: a strange voice, for it evidently did not know how to call him, and did not say: "O Leonidas!" or, "You—look here!" He was abreast of a little clearing, guarded by a low stockade of bark palings, and beyond it was a small white dwelling-house. Leonidas knew the place perfectly well. It belonged to the superintendent of a mining tunnel, who had lately rented it to some strangers from San Francisco. Thus much he had heard from his family. He had a mountain boy's contempt for city folks, and was not himself interested in them. Yet, as he heard the call, he was conscious of a slightly guilty feeling. He might have been trespassing in following the rabbit's track; he might have been seen by someone when he lost the letter and had to go back for it—all grown-up people had a way of offering themselves as witnesses against him! He scowled a little, as he glanced around him. Then his eye fell on the caller on the other side of the stockade:

To his surprise it was a woman: a pretty, gentle, fragile creature, all soft muslin and laces, with her fingers interlocked, and leaning both elbows on the top of the stockade as she stood under the chequered shadow of a buckeye.

"Come here—please—won't you?" she said pleasantly.

It would have been impossible to resist her voice if Leonidas had wanted to—which he didn't. He walked confidently up to the fence. She really was very pretty, with eyes like his setter's, and as caressing. And there were little puckers and satiny creases around her delicate nostrils and mouth when she spoke, which Leonidas knew were "expression."

"I—I—" she began with charming hesitation, then, suddenly, "What's your name?"

"Leonidas."

"Leonidas. That's a pretty name!" He thought it *did* sound pretty. "Well, Leonidas, I want you to be a good boy and do a great favour for me—a very great favour."

Leonidas's face fell. This kind of prelude and formula was familiar to him. It was usually followed by: "Promise me that you will never swear again," or, "that you will go straight home and wash your face," or some other irrelevant personality. But nobody with that sort of eyes had ever said it. So he said, a little shyly but sincerely, "Yes, Ma'am."

"You are going to the post-office?"

This seemed a very foolish, womanish question, seeing that he was holding letters in his hand, but he said, "Yes."

"I want you to put a letter of mine among yours and post them all together," she said, putting one little hand to her bosom and drawing out a letter. He noticed that she purposely held the addressed side so that he could not see it, but he also noticed that her hand was small, thin, and white even to a faint tint of blue in it, unlike his sister's, the baby's, or any other hand he had ever seen. "Can you read?" she said suddenly, withdrawing the letter.

The boy flushed slightly at the question. "Of course I can," he said proudly.

"Of course, certainly," she repeated quickly; "but," she added, with a mischievous smile, "you mustn't *now*! Promise me! Promise me that you won't read this address, but just post the letter, like one of your own, in the letter-box with the others."

Leonidas promised readily; it seemed to him a great fuss about nothing; perhaps it was some kind of game or a bet. He opened his sunburnt hand, holding his own letters, and she slipped hers, face downward, between them. Her soft fingers touched his in the operation, and seemed to leave a pleasant warmth behind them.

"Promise me another thing," she added; "promise me you won't say a word of this to anyone."

"Of course!" said Leonidas.

"That's a good boy—and I know you will keep your word." She hesitated a moment, smilingly and tentatively, and then held out a bright half-dollar. Leonidas backed from the fence. "I'd rather not," he said shyly.

"But as a present from *me*?"

Leonidas coloured—he was really proud; and he was also bright enough to understand that the possession of such unbounded wealth would provoke dangerous inquiry at home. But he didn't like to say it, and only replied, "I can't."

She looked at him curiously. "Then—thank you!" she said, offering her white hand, which felt like a bird in his. "Now, run on, and don't let me keep you any longer." She drew back from the fence as she spoke, and waved him a pretty farewell. Leonidas, half sorry, half relieved, darted away.

He ran to the post-office, which he never had done before. Loyal, he never looked at her letter—nor, indeed, at his own again—swinging the hand that held them far from his side. He entered the post-office

directly, going at once to the letter-box and depositing the precious missive with the others. The post-office was also the "country store," and Leonidas was in the habit of still further protracting his errands there by lingering in that stimulating atmosphere of sugar, cheese, and coffee. But to-day his stay was brief—so transitory that the postmaster himself inferred audibly that "old man Boone must have been tanning Lee with a hickory switch." But the simple reason was that Leonidas wished to go back to the stockade fence and the fair stranger—if haply she was still there. His heart sank, as, breathless with unwonted haste, he reached the clearing and the empty buckeye shade. He walked slowly and with sad diffidence by the deserted stockade fence. But presently his quick eye discerned a glint of white among the laurels near the house. It was *she*, walking with apparent indifference away from him towards the corner of the clearing and the road. But this he knew would bring her to the end of the stockade fence, where he must pass—and it did. She turned to him with a bright smile of affected surprise. "Why, you're as swift-footed as Mercury!"

Leonidas understood her perfectly. Mercury was the other name for quicksilver—and that was lively, you bet! He had often spilt some on the floor to see it move. She must be awfully 'cute to have noticed it too—'cutter than his sisters. He was quite breathless with pleasure:

"I put your letter in the box all right," he burst out at last.

"Without anyone seeing it?" she asked.

"Sure pop!—nary one!" The postmaster stuck out his hand to grab it, but I just let on that I didn't see him, and shoved it in myself."

"You're as sharp as you're good," she said smilingly.

"Now, there's just *one* thing more I want you to do. Forget all about this—won't you?"

Her voice was very caressing. Perhaps that was why he said boldly: "Yes, Ma'am, all except *you*."

"Dear me, what a compliment! How old are you?"

"Goin' on fifteen," said Leonidas confidently.

"And going very fast," said the lady mischievously. "Well, then, you needn't forget *me*. On the contrary," she added, after looking at him curiously, "I would rather you'd remember me. Good-bye—or, rather, good afternoon—if I'm to be remembered, Leon."

"Good afternoon, Ma'am."

She moved away, and presently disappeared among the laurels. But her last words were ringing in his ears. "Leon"—everybody else called him "Lee" for brevity; "Leon"—it was pretty as she said it.

He turned away. But it so chanced that their parting was not to pass unnoticed, for, looking up the hill, Leonidas perceived his elder sister and little brother coming down the road, and knew that they must have seen him from the hill-top. It was like their "snoopin'!"

They ran to him eagerly.

"You were talking to the stranger," said his sister breathlessly.

"She spoke to me first," said Leonidas, on the defensive.

"What did she say?"

"Wanted to know the electshun news," said Leonidas, with cool mendacity, "and I told her."

This improbable fiction nevertheless satisfied them. "What was she like? Oh, do tell us, Lee!" continued his sister.

Nothing would have delighted him more than to expatiate upon her loveliness, the soft white beauty of her hands, the "cunning" little puckers around her lips, her bright, tender eyes, the angelic texture of her robes, and the musical tinkle of her voice. But Leonidas had no confidant, and what healthy boy ever trusted his sister in such matter! "You saw what she was like," he said, with evasive bluntness.

"But, Lee—"

But Lee was adamant. "Go and ask her," he said.

"Like as not you were sassy to her, and she shut you up," said his sister artfully. But even this cruel suggestion, which he could have so easily flouted, did not draw him, and his ingenious relations flounced disgustedly away.

But Leonidas was not spared any further allusion to the fair stranger; for the fact of her having spoken to him was duly reported at home, and at dinner his reticence was again sorely attacked. "Just like her, in spite of all her airs and graces, to hang out along the fence like any ordinary hired girl, jabberin' with anybody that went along the road," said his mother incisively. He knew that she didn't like her new neighbours, so this did not surprise nor greatly pain him. Neither did the prosaic facts that were now first made plain to him. His divinity was a Mrs. Burroughs, whose husband was conducting a series of mining operations and prospecting with a gang of men on the Casket Ridge. As his duty required his continual presence there, Mrs. Burroughs was forced to forego the civilised pleasures of San Francisco for a frontier life, for which she was ill fitted, and in which she had no interest. All this was a vague irrelevance to Leonidas, who knew her only as a goddess in white who had been familiar to him, and kind, and to whom he was tied by the delicious joy of having a secret in common, and having done her a special favour. Healthy youth clings to its own impressions; let reason, experience, and even facts argue ever to the contrary.

So he kept her secret and his intact, and was rewarded a few days afterward by a distant view of her walking in the garden, with a man whom he recognised as her husband. It is needless to say that, without any extraneous thought, the man suffered in Leonidas's estimation by his proximity to the goddess, and that he deemed him vastly inferior.

It was a still greater reward to his fidelity that she seized an opportunity when her husband's head was turned to wave her hand to him. Leonidas did not approach the fence, partly through shyness and partly through a more subtle instinct that this man was not in the secret. He was right, for only the next day, as he passed to the post-office, she called him to the fence.

"Did you see me wave my hand to you yesterday?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes, Ma'am; but"—he hesitated—"I didn't come up, for I didn't think you wanted me when anyone else was there."

She laughed merrily, and lifting his straw hat from his head, ran the fingers of the other hand through his damp curls. "You're the brightest, dearest boy I ever knew, Leon," she said, dropping her pretty face to the level of his own, "and I ought to have remembered it. But I don't mind telling you I was dreadfully frightened lest you might misunderstand me and come and ask for another letter—before *him*." As she emphasised the personal pronoun, her whole face seemed to change: the light of her blue eyes became mere glittering points, her nostrils grew white and contracted, and her pretty little mouth seemed to narrow into a straight cruel line, like a cat's. "Not a word ever to *him*, of all men! Do you hear?" she said, almost brusquely. Then, seeing the concern in the boy's face, she laughed, and added, explanatorily: "He's a bad, bad man. Leon, remember that."

The fact that she was speaking of her husband did not shock the boy's moral sense in the least. The sacredness of those relations, and even of blood kinship, are, I fear, not always so clear to the youthful mind as we fondly imagine. That Mr. Burroughs was a bad man to have excited this change in this lovely woman, was Leonidas's only conclusion. He remembered how his sister's soft, pretty little kitten, purring in her lap, used to get its back up and spit at the postmaster's yellow hound.

"I never wished to come unless you called me first," he said frankly.

"What?" she said, in her half-playful, half-reproachful but wholly caressing way. "You mean to say you would never come to see me unless I sent for you? Oh, Leon! and you'd abandon me in that way?"

But Leonidas was set in his own boyish superstition. "I'd just delight in being sent for by you any time, Mrs. Burroughs, and you kin' always find me," he said, shyly but doggedly; "but—" he stopped.

"What an opinionated young gentleman! Well, I see I must do all the courting. So consider that I sent for you this morning. I've got another letter for you to mail." She put her hand to her breast, and out of the pretty frillings of her frock produced, as before, with the same faint perfume of violets, a letter like the first. But it was unsealed. "Now, listen, Leon; we are going to be great friends—you and I." Leonidas felt his cheeks glowing. "You are going to do me another great favour, and we are going to have a little fun and a great secret all by our own selves. Now, first, have you any correspondent—you know—anyone who writes to you—any boy or girl—from San Francisco?"

Leonida's cheeks grew redder—alas! from a less happy consciousness. He never received any letters; nobody ever wrote to him. He was obliged to make this shameful admission.

Mrs. Burroughs looked thoughtful. "But you have some friend in San Francisco—someone who *might* write to you?" she suggested pleasantly.

"I knew a boy once who went to San Francisco," said Leonidas doubtfully. "At least, he allowed he was goin' there."

"That will do," said Mrs. Burroughs. "I suppose your parents know him or of him?"

"Why," said Leonidas, "he used to live here."

"Better still. For, you see, it wouldn't be strange if he *did* write. What was the gentleman's name?"

"Jim Belcher," returned Leonidas hesitatingly, by no means sure that the absent Belcher knew how to write. Mrs. Burroughs took a tiny pencil from her belt, opened the letter she was holding in her hand, and apparently wrote the name in it. Then she folded it and sealed it, smiling charmingly at Leonidas's puzzled face.

"Now, Leon, listen; for here is the favour I am asking. Mr. Jim Belcher"—she pronounced the name with great gravity—"will write to you in a few days. But inside of *your* letter will be a little note to me, which you will bring me. You can show your letter to your family, if they want to know who it is from; but no one must see *mine*. Can you manage that?"

"Yes," said Leonidas. Then, as the whole idea flashed upon his quick intelligence, he smiled until he showed his dimples. Mrs. Burroughs leaned forward over the fence, lifted his torn straw-hat, and dropped a fluttering little kiss on his forehead. It seemed to the boy, flushed and rosy as a maid, as if she had left a shining star there for everyone to see.

"Don't smile like that, Leon, you're positively irresistible! It will be a nice little game, won't it? Nobody in it but you and me—and Belcher! We'll outwit them yet. And, you see, you'll be obliged to come to me, after all, without my asking."

They both laughed; indeed, quite a dimpled, bright-eyed, rosy, innocent pair, though I think Leonidas was the more maidenly.

"And," added Leonidas, with breathless eagerness, "I can sometimes write to—to—Jim, and enclose your letter."

"Angel of wisdom! certainly. Well, now, let's see—have you got any letters for the post to-day?" He coloured again, for in anticipation of meeting her he had hurried up the family post that morning. He held out his letters: she thrust her own among them. "Now," she said, laying her cool, soft hand against his hot cheek, "run along, dear; you must not be seen loitering here."

Leonidas ran off, buoyed up on ambient air. It seemed just like a fairy-book. Here he was the confidant of the most beautiful creature he had seen, and there was a

oughter know, it's me. Ye kin paste that on your hat, Mr. Burroughs." Burroughs, apparently disconcerted by the intrusion of a third party—Leonidas—upon what was evidently a private inquiry, murmured something surlily, and passed out.

Leonidas was puzzled. That big man seemed to be "snoopin'" around for something! He knew that he dared not touch the letter-bag—Leonidas had heard somewhere that it was a deadly crime to touch any letters after the Government had got hold of them once, and he had no fears for the safety of hers. But ought he not go back at once and tell her about her husband's visit, and the alarming fact that the postmaster was personally acquainted with all the letters? He instantly saw, too, the wisdom of her enclosing her letter hereafter in another address. Yet he finally resolved not to tell her to-day—it would look like "hanging round" again; and—another secret reason—he was afraid that any allusion to her husband's interference would bring back that change in her beautiful face which he did not like. The better to resist temptation he went back another way.

treasures of some wild bees from a predatory bear, although it did not prevent him later from capturing the squirrel by an equally ingenious contrivance, and from eventually eating some of the honey.

He was late home that evening. But this was "vacation"—the district school was closed, and but for the household "chores," which occupied his early mornings, each long summer day was a holiday. So two or three passed; and then one morning, on his going to the post-office, the postmaster threw down upon the counter a real and rather bulky letter, duly stamped, and addressed to Mr. Leonidas Boone! Leonidas was too discreet to open it before witnesses, but in the solitude of the trail home broke the seal. It contained another letter with no address—clearly the one *she* expected—and, more marvellous still, a sheaf of trout-hooks, with delicate gut-snells such as Leonidas had only dared to dream of. The letter to himself was written in a clear, distinct hand, and ran as follows—

DEAR LEE,—How are you getting on on old Casket Ridge? It seems a coon's age since you and me was together, and



She seized an opportunity when her husband's head was turned to wave her hand to him.

mysterious letter coming to him—Leonidas—and no one to know why. And now he had a "call" to see her often; she would not forget him—he needn't loiter by the fence-post to see if she wanted him—and his boyish pride and shyness were appeased. There was no question of moral ethics raised in Leonidas's mind; he knew that it would not be the real Jim Belcher who would write to him; but that made the prospect the more attractive. Nor did another circumstance trouble his conscience. When he reached the post-office he was surprised to see the man whom he knew to be Mr. Burroughs talking with the postmaster. Leonidas brushed by him and deposited his letters in the box in discreet triumph. The postmaster was evidently officially resenting some imputation on his carelessness, and, concluding his defence, "No, Sir," he said, "you kin bet your boots that ef any letter hez gone astray for you or your wife—Ye said your wife, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Burroughs hastily, with a glance around the shop.

"Well, for you or anybody at your house—it ain't here; that's the fault. You hear me! I know every letter that comes in and goes out of this office, I reckon, and handle 'em all"—Leonidas pricked up his ears—"and if anybody

It must not be supposed that, while Leonidas indulged in this secret passion for the beautiful stranger, it was to the exclusion of his boyish habits. It merely took the place of his intellectual visions and his romantic reading—he no longer carried books in his pocket on his lazy rambles. What were mediæval legends of high-born ladies and their pages to this real romance of himself and Mrs. Burroughs? What were the exploits of boy captains and juvenile trappers and the Indian maidens and Spanish señoritas to what was now possible to himself and his divinity here—upon Casket Ridge! The very ground around her was now consecrated to romance and adventure. Consequently, he visited a few traps on his way back which he had set for "jackass-rabbits" and wild-cats—the latter a vindictive reprisal for aggression upon an orphan brood of mountain quail which he had taken under her protection. For, while he nourished a keen love of sport, it was controlled by a boy's larger understanding of Nature: a Pantheistic sympathy with bird and beast and plant, which made him keenly alive to the strange cruelties of creation, revealed to him some queer animal feuds, and made him a chivalrous partisan of the weaker. He had even gone out of his way to defend, by ingenious contrivances of his own, the hoard of a golden squirrel and the

times I get to think I must just run up and see you! We're having bully times in 'Frisco, you bet! though there ain't anything wild worth shucks to go to see—'cept the Sea Lions at the Cliff House. They're just stunning—big as a grizzly, and bigger—climbing over a big rock or swimming in the sea like an otter or musk-rat. I'm sending you some snells and ho-ks, such as you can't get at Casket. Use the fine ones for pot-holes and the bigger ones for running-water or falls. Let me know when you've got 'em. Write to Lock, Box No. 1290. That's where Dad's letters come. So no more at present. From Yours truly,

JIM BELCHER.

Not only did Leonidas know that this was not from the real Jim, but he felt the vague contact of a new, charming, and original personality that fascinated him. Of course, it was only natural that one of *her* friends—as he must be—should be equally delightful. There was no jealousy in Leonidas's devotion; he knew only a joy in this fellowship of admiration for her which he was satisfied that the other boy must feel. And only the right kind of boy could know the importance of his ravishing gift, and this Jim was evidently "no slouch"! Yet, in Leonidas's new joy he did not forget *her*! He ran back to the stockade fence and lounged upon the road in view of the house, but she did not appear.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. B. SCANTLEBURY.



FORTY-MILE CREEK, GOVERNMENT FOREST RESERVE.
THE RHINE OF NEW ZEALAND, WANGANUI RIVER.

THE PEMBROKE GLACIER, MILFORD SOUND.
BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.
LOFFLEY'S GULLY, NEAR TAUPO, HOT SPRINGS DISTRICT.

ON THE AVON RIVER, CHRISTCHURCH.
ARTHUR RIVER, MILFORD SOUND.



Photo. Valentine.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND: AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand, where the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrive on June 11, will present to the visitors a wonderful alternation of sub-tropical and Alpine scenery. The Wanganui River, of which we give an illustration, has been called the Rhine of New Zealand. It rises in the Central Mountains of the North Island, and flows through the Maori King country into the South Taranaki Bight. Christchurch is the most populous town on the South Island except Dunedin. It is connected with its port, Lyttelton, by a railway pierced through the hills of Bank's Peninsula. Other delightful glimpses of New Zealand scenery are to be found in Milford Sound, where occur the famous Pembroke Glacier and Bowen Falls, and in the Hot

Spring districts near Taupo, which the royal tourists will certainly not fail to visit. An important seaport in the Eden county of the North Island is picturesquely situated on the south shore of Waitemata Harbour.

THE GOVERNOR OF PRETORIA.

Major-General Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, D.S.O., the Military Governor of Pretoria, was born in July 1859. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and in 1879 joined the 42nd Highlanders. His war service includes the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he was present with the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch at Tel-el-Kebir. For his conduct on that occasion he was decorated with the

medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star. During the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 he was Staff Captain, was mentioned in despatches, and had a clasp added to his decorations. From 1885 to 1886 he served with the Egyptian Field Force as aide-de-camp to Major-General Grenfell, and took part in the battle of Ginnis, where he won the D.S.O. Dongola and Omdurman also brought him opportunities of distinction. In 1900 he took command of the Fourteenth Brigade in South Africa, and is now Military Governor of Pretoria. As Press censor he has with him Lord Basil Blackwood, who has other and lighter claims to literary distinction. He, it will be remembered, was joint author with Mr. Hilaire Belloc of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" and its amusing successors.

Br. Major A. R. Hoskins, N. Staffs Regt.,
A.D.C. to Military Governor.

Lieut. G. H. Martin, K.R.M. Corps,
Secretary to Military Governor.

Capt. P. M. Peters, 2nd Lincoln Regt.,
Commissioner of Police.

Lord B. Blackwood,
Press Censor.



Major J. W. P. Peters, 7th Dragoon Guards,
Assistant to Military Governor.

Major-Gen. Sir J. G. Maxwell, K.C.B.,
Military Governor of Pretoria.

Major J. Hensberg, Colonial Scouts,
Compensation Officer.

Major O. C. Armstrong, 11th Bengal Lancers,
Financial Secretary to Military Governor.

THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PRETORIA AND HIS STAFF.



Photo, C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

THE NEW POWER AND THE OLD POTENTATE: BENZINE MOTOR ADOPTED FOR USE IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY PASSING PETER THE GREAT'S STATUE.
The new motor, on the Lutsky system, was manufactured in Kolpina, and is of the class known as the "300 Pood Panyer."



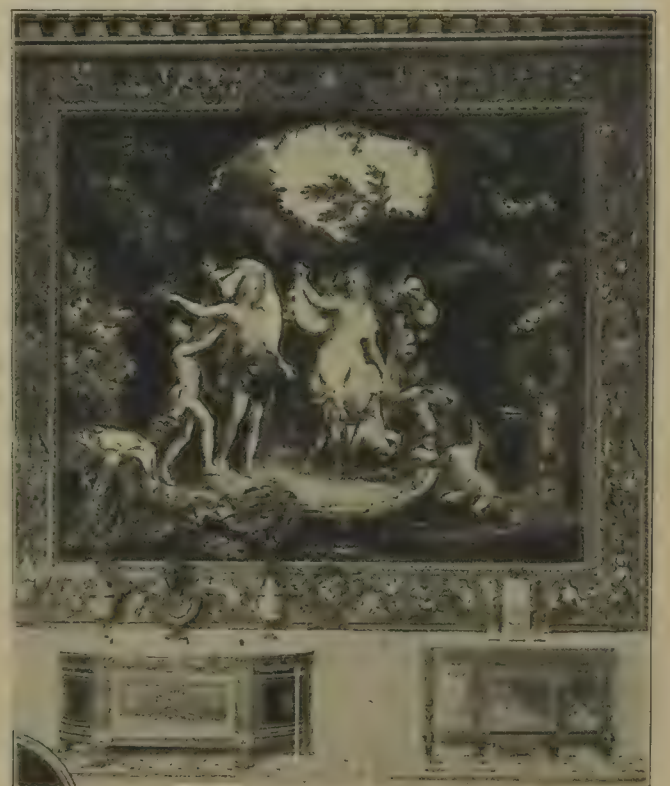
LOUIS XV. BUREAU, BEGUN BY OCBEN AND FINISHED BY RISINER.



LOUIS XV. COMMODE AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FAUTEUILS.



THE LOUIS XV. SALON.



VENUS AND LOVE: GOBELINS TAPESTRY



SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



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APPLE BLOSSOM.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY NIGHTINGALE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Understudies. By Mary E. Wilkins. (London: Harpers. 6s.)
Tangled Trinities. By Daniel Woodroffe. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
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The Painters of Florence. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). With Illustrations. (London: Murray. 6s.)
Six Hundred Years. By the Rev. Samuel Kinns, Ph.D. Second Edition. (London: Cassell.)
Nietzsche: Choice Selections. Compiled by Thomas Common. (London: Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)
The Method of Evolution. By H. W. Conn. (London: G. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d.)
Twentieth Century Inventions: A Forecast. By George Sutherland, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green. 4s. 6d.)

Since Æsop, mankind has been amused with stories of beasts that talk, and in our own day no fabulist has taken up the tale with a defter hand than Kipling. The trick may seem to have been played out, but Miss Mary E. Wilkins, by approaching it from its negative side, has given us effects that may fairly be claimed as new.



"THE CAT FORAGED INCESSANTLY."

Reproduced from "Understudies," by permission of Messrs. Harper.

In "Understudies" it is not as articulate, but as inarticulate, that the humbler race of living things finds its charm of presentation. The first of these sketches, "The Cat," especially realises the silence that Nature has for ever ordained between man and brute; and it says much for the art of Miss Wilkins' narrative that as the story proceeds the silence makes itself almost painfully felt, though it is never made explicit until the last line. The effect, therefore, is akin to that of a melodic close upon the keynote. In each of the animal sketches, man and beast, or it may be woman and bird, are opposed in subtle contrast, yet correlated by an equally subtle likeness; and through all the work, and particularly in the Boy and the Monkey, runs a suggestion, so vivid as to be almost convincing, of the Pythagorean belief. Miss Wilkins even extends her argument to flowers, and in "Arethusa," possibly the most delightful and ethereal of her "understudies," she links the spirit of "one of nature's nuns" with that of the flower which recalls the classic tale of—

Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse.

The book is as remarkable as it is delightful.

Mr. Woodroffe has written a singularly original novel with a needlessly obscure title. It is a phrase from Kipling, and not one of Kipling's best phrases. Even with the help of the context it is not lucid, and it irritates the reader at the start with an uncomfortable expectation of pretentious subtlety. Luckily, it is soon plain that Mr. Woodroffe is not pretentious, that he writes with admirable clearness, picturesqueness, and restraint, that he has an eye for character, and a grip of tragic possibilities. The Rev. Robert Steele, of St. Lucia, has been made Vicar of an English country parish by a kind but thoughtless patron. He has black blood in his veins, and the undignified expansiveness of his dusky ancestors. He complains that his neighbours are not "hearty," and he is always giving "treats" to the poorer parishioners, who regard him with humorous derision. His daughter Asta is an exotic like himself, and their negro servant, Judith, completes the luckless eccentricity of the family. At St. Lucia they were at home and happy; in Kent they are lamentably out of place. They are ostracised at garden-parties, and the cold shoulder is still more conspicuous at the Chatham ball. Fate makes a sport of Asta, as it does of Tess, and by a crowning touch of irony uses the cunning of the faithful Judith to send the poor West Indian waif to social perdition just when she has a belated chance of rescue. It is a moving story, and stamps the author as one of the few real artists who are now writing English fiction.

Mr. Layard gives us an excellent account of a very clever woman who was a martyr to a fixed idea. Eliza Lynn was a "revolting daughter." She was earning her bread by journalism at a time when that was held to be derogatory to the niece of a Dean and the granddaughter of a Bishop. She had courage, ability, and perseverance, and she employed these qualities so well that she was the delight of editors at a very early age. Nobody could have imagined that such a woman would become a bitter, intolerant, incoherent enemy of the whole educational advancement of her sex. It was not simply the "new woman" who excited her anger; she confused the freaks of mannishness with the very independence exemplified by her own career. She wrote an astonishing novel in which Girtton girls were held up to odium. They smoked, drank, and discussed unsavoury subjects. A lady who had been educated at Girtton pointed out the absurdity of this picture, and Mrs. Lynn Linton's reply showed that she had ceased to be capable of the most elementary logic. Her life was not a happy one. She could not marry the man she loved, for he was deeply religious, and she was an Agnostic. She married Linton, the distinguished engraver, and the incompatibility of her practical sense in domestic affairs with his Utopian helplessness brought about a separation. But it was a separation that left no ill-will on either side. Mrs. Lynn Linton had a native kindness, of which her biographer gives touching instances. Probably it was her literary habit that drove her to extremes, for she wrote that unhappy kind of prose that is always hitting a nail on the head, and makes its possessor forget that there are many excellent things in life which are not nails.

"With illustrations" might rather be "with text," one thinks of this profusely illustrated record of "The Painters of Florence." It is the photographic process that has gone before, as in the case of so many scores of excellent little books, offering such a supply as creates a quite sufficiently eager demand. If the reading millions in England do not know today a very great deal about Italian art, it would be hard to say on what subject of learning they can be considered well instructed. Julia Cartwright is one of their most industrious teachers. She has well digested the invaluable Vasari (if books have a posterity, Vasari was undoubtedly like Abraham for the number of his seed) and also the subsequent criticism, and she uses her authorities easily and without pedantry. Her period is, of course—Tuscany being her ground—from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, and she is principally occupied with the earlier of the ages thus included. Florence began to wane when art began too consciously, too boastingly, to "flourish": her art may most appropriately be said to "flower." And yet that wonderful city in the cup of hills, by the side of the slender Arno, that winds through them, did actually produce the great man in whom art made her loudest and her proudest boast; and this book of Tuscan painters would not fulfil its purpose if it did not include the name of the master of the school called Roman—Michelangelo himself; nor would it be completely Florentine if it did not contain that of the master of whom Milan boasts—Leonardo da Vinci. Of this immortal painter the Tuscan city has few examples: his divine masterpiece fades upon the wall of a room in the Milanese suburb; his easel-pictures, of which the world boasts, are in Paris; his wonderful drawings—though some of their great multitude are in Florentine portfolios—are the pride of the Windsor collection. But the city of Cimabue, of Giotto, of Botticelli gave him birth. The illustrations chosen for this handy volume are characteristic and delightful.

The second library edition of "Six Hundred Years," Dr. Samuel Kinns' historical sketches of eminent men and women who have more or less come into contact with the Abbey and Church of Holy Trinity, Minorities, has acquired an interest other than local from its erudite chapter on the King's title of "Fidei Defensor." As everyone remembers, Mr. Redmond had the temerity to challenge his Majesty's right to the name. The Irish leader might have hesitated a moment before throwing down the gauntlet had he read Dr. Kinns' fifth chapter, wherein the Vicar of Holy Trinity examines the history of the Sovereign's appellation, "Defender of the Faith." The other chapters, however, are no way behind this one in interest. They cover a wide field, and link the history of the Church with many of the greatest names in English history. The work, which is capably illustrated, is of value not only as history, but as material for history.

Mr. Thomas Common, the compiler of "Choice Selections" from Nietzsche, seems to suffer from the *Furor Biographicus*. Everything Nietzsche wrote as "critic, poet, prophet, and philosopher"—so it hath it on the title-page—has to Mr. Thomas Common the value of an oracle. Now, great ideas shone in on Nietzsche through the cracks in his understanding; but to claim for him, as he claimed for himself, that he was "a decisive and fateful link between two thousand centuries" is mere extravagance. For there is hardly an idea of value in the whole of Nietzsche that had not occurred already to a multitude of other minds. Many may be found in Emerson and Walt Whitman. But to hear the present biographer who would think they had never been heard of in the world before. Take Nietzsche's "Theory of Aesthetics," for example. "On this obscure subject," says Mr. Common, "Nietzsche casts such a flood of light as has never been shed on it before." One would think from such talk that a new revelation had been given to the world. As a matter of fact, Nietzsche's theory is simply that of Fichte and of every great writer who ever arrived at a theory of creative art. Again Nietzsche remarks: "Ye say that a good cause will even sanctify war. I tell you, it is the good war that sanctifies every cause!" True; but the same idea is already found in Shakspeare and Montaigne. Nietzsche's credit is none the less for finding it out for himself. But Mr. Common's view is therefore the more amazing because he seems to think that in everything Nietzsche was the first discoverer.

How often does the layman speak of "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," without

appreciating the exact scientific meaning of the words? He may associate them with the name of Darwin, and dimly perceive in them the key to the evolution of the organic world, but he is ignorant of the real conditions of the "struggle" and the qualifications of the "fittest." Mr. Conn's excellent review of the scientific work and thought devoted to the origin of species makes most interesting reading, and explains in a clear and logical manner the bearing of natural selection, heredity, and variation on the evolution process. For evolution is an undoubted fact, and difference of opinion has arisen and still exists only in regard to the method of the evolution process, the factors that have governed the development of life, and their relative importance. The author points out that all theories of the method of evolution must take account of two fundamental facts: (1) The tendency of plants and animals to vary from the normal type; (2) The production of many more individuals than can find means of existence. Darwin showed that those individuals would survive whose variations made them better suited to their environment; they would be naturally selected as the fittest. Weismann, who attributes the phenomena of heredity to a material substance—the germ-plasm—which is handed down from generation to generation, considers that the opportunity for variation occurs in reproduction—that is, in the union of two pieces of germ-plasm from different sources. Mr. Conn devotes considerable space to the discussion of the question whether characters acquired during life can be transmitted to the germ-plasm and inherited by the offspring. Weismann's conception of the nature of the germ-plasm demands a negative answer, and, indeed, investigation shows that the similarity of parent and offspring is often due to similarity of environment only. In spite of all theories, one feels that the method of evolution has not yet been fully and adequately explained—for example, in regard to the origin of organs and instincts. Protoplasm, the fundamental life-substance, with its marvellous properties of variation and reproduction, remains a mystery. For it is not a simple chemical substance; it cannot be expressed in terms of atoms and molecules; its nature is unknown. It is called a mechanism; but names are often a cloak of ignorance.

Mr. Sutherland has set himself a formidable task, and when he discusses the probable lines of advance in such varied fields as warfare, agriculture, music, and mining, one cannot always expect him to speak with the intimate knowledge of the specialist. Many of the chapters, however, are excellent, and give the reader a good picture of the probable industrial and social life of the near future. It is but natural to expect that contrivances for the saving of time and labour and the promotion of comfort will multiply: thus, according to the author, we shall soon have electric ploughs, wireless telephony, mechanical ventilation, electrical heating of houses, mechanical stokers on



DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE AT LICHFIELD,
 NEWLY ACQUIRED BY THE MUNICIPALITY.

The quaint house at Lichfield where on Sept. 18, 1709, the future great man of letters first saw the light will in due course be turned into a Johnson Museum in pursuance of the excellent tradition which has already given us the Carlyle House at Chelsea and other literary Meccas. It is hoped that a collection of Johnson relics and manuscripts will soon find a home there.

board ship, and guiding-rails for road motors. Electricity will be increasingly used as the motive power in mechanical contrivances, but the author predicts also that serious attempts will be made to store power from natural sources, such as wind and wave. Compressed air and the steam turbine have an important place assigned to them, and the principle of the latter will be used in the construction of the mail-steamers of the future. Mr. Sutherland considers that the amount of inventive energy spent on flying-machines and submarine boats is out of all proportion to their possible utility. There is no prediction in the book of purely scientific discoveries, and this, perhaps, is too much to expect; but one must bear in mind that these scientific discoveries will be all-important in determining the social and industrial advance of the twentieth century.



A MERMAID.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY CAFFIPIRI.



A GARDEN PARTY IN CHINA.

LADIES' PAGE.

What a success the Ladies' Kennel Association Show has been! Year by year the quality as well as the number of the exhibits increases, and Mrs. Stennard Robinson, the hon. sec., is always thinking of some new and interesting feature. The parade of the dogs who have carried collecting-boxes for the war charitable funds was one amusing feature this time. The ladies of the stage who paraded their pets were perhaps the real attraction in their own persons; but, at any rate, a vast attraction there is in this section to the public at large. Some of the doggies were very good, too. Miss Julia Neilson has a delightful Jap, Mousmé by name, which she led into the ring to receive the second prize, the first prize going to Miss Clinton's tiny Jap of two pounds weight. In the class "Actresses' Pets," the first place was awarded to Miss May Harvey's lovely Skye, Joseph. Miss Lena Ashwell showed a delightful poodle, so bright and intellectual, but only a fourth prize rewarded his intelligence. Miss Marie Tempest's pet is a fox-terrier, and Miss Katie James's an excellent Maltese poodle, who came out first in his class. The chief interest of the judging, centred around the contest for the gold challenge cup given by the Maharanee of Dholpore. This was gained last year by Queen Alexandra with her hitherto unbeaten and magnificent Borzoi. This year it was offered for the best collie, and after a close contest was awarded to Princess Montglyn. Curiously enough, however, the collie that was only awarded second place in this competition, Miss Deveson Jones's perfect smooth-haired female, was later on declared by the judges to be the show's "Champion of Champions." The gathering of collies was remarkably good, but it is whispered that most of the best dogs in the country have somehow acquired mistresses in preparation for the Dholpore Cup competition! There were some beautiful "bullies" too.

One of the most brilliant events of the season will be the Life-Boat Fête, to be held at Stafford House on June 26. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and her committee are organising it in so original a manner. It is to be an evening affair, commencing at nine p.m. The chief attraction is to be a concert, at which the most illustrious singers in town are to appear, Madame Melba among them, as well as other stars of grand opera; and the new fashionable craze as a violinist, M. Kubelik, will be among the instrumental performers. But the real attraction is that, for the first time on record, the beautiful palace of the Duke of Sutherland—not merely the great hall, which is often lent, but the whole of the reception-rooms—will be thrown open to the public for payment in the sacred cause of charity. The gardens, in which Mr. Ben Greet gives an open-air play and the Royal Artillery band performs, are to be brilliantly illuminated; the picture-gallery is the scene of the concert; and refreshments are to be served without extra charge in the dining-room and Red Drawing-room. In short, anybody who wishes to see how one of London's greatest houses looks on the occasion of a fashionable gathering will have the opportunity; and as the King and Queen give their patronage, and many ladies of position are on the list of those interested who will be present to aid this noble and most needful charity, the fête will certainly be a leading event of a season that is not otherwise promising to be very brilliant. The committee includes the Duchesses of Sutherland, Montrose, and Devonshire, and the Dowager Duchesses of Argyll and Westminster, Lady Londonderry, Lady Selborne, Lady Battersea, and others.

Ascot will be shorn of much of its colour and brilliance. Though of course none of the royal family will attend the meeting, it is one so specially connected with the Court that the word has been passed that half-mourning must be worn by everybody in the enclosure out of respect to the national loss. Therefore, although white and mauve and grey afford abundance of variety in detail, the usual butterfly-like brilliance of Ascot will not be presented. Black is still greatly worn by married ladies at all functions of any ceremony. Voile barège, muslin, linon, foulard, and taffetas are a sufficient choice, and some white at the

throat will relieve the situation to the many whom black does not suit. Foulard can be had in all the half-mourning mixtures excellently combined, and is built into very dressy little frocks; while crêpe-de-Chine has its peculiar elegance as it swathes round a slender figure in artistic irregularity of draping. A good hint for the combination of black and white may be taken from our Illustrations. The new little satin coats with postilion basques are there displayed. In one of the models spotted muslin makes the skirt, and striped light brocade the vest, collar, and cuffs. In the other gown white lace and muslin are combined with the black satin. The hats are of Tuscan straw trimmed with chiffon and plumes.

There is no lack of brightness in the Park every morning. The simple muslin blouses and the batiste shirts are in such pretty patterns and dainty colours that they are as attractive as if they were more costly. Innumerable tiny tucks adorn most of the thin blouses. A box-pleat down the centre with a multiplicity of tuckings on either side is popular in batiste and Mercerised cotton. The bolero, to which womankind has been so long faithful, appears on blouses in the form of lace or embroidered muslin. A charming specimen of this order of garment is in pink and white floral design muslin made with a deep collar of écreu muslin on which are embroidered leaf-shapes of pink cretonne worked round

figure beneath a small yoke of the same silk crossed with many lines of narrow lace insertion going from shoulder to shoulder. A sister of the pretty girl wearing this one just differentiates her white taffetas blouse by having a lace insertion intervening between the tucks all down from neck to waist; the tucks are in groups of threes, and the lace shows a gleam of buttercup yellow as lining. Many of the blouses in which lace is used in large quantities are unlined, so that they may be worn as slips over various colours on separate occasions—a capital plan to save monotony. A lace yoke need not be lined at all for a hot day: the neck may be seen through the tiny interstices of the pattern. To return to the glacé and soft silks. Cordings are used with good effect instead of tucks sometimes. One blouse in lavender glacé has a bolero that is all lines of cordings running from the front of the figure to under the arm in an upward direction, and meeting others that thence run slanting in the opposite direction across the back to the middle seam. Where the points of these lines meet, both under the arms and down the back, a line of lace is inserted. The front is filled in with a much-gauged chiffon chemisette, on to which the silk ostensibly fastens with tiny dead-gold buttons.

Mercerised cotton has almost the appearance of foulard, and is a capital material for washing-shirts for tennis or morning wear. It does not look the same after it has paid a visit to the laundress, but it is not thereby made unwearable—only more ordinary of aspect than in its fully dressed guise. The more simply this and other prints are made, the better, as freshness is so essential that the laundress must be kept in mind in the making. A plain shirt with a box-pleat down the front and a line of lace insertion on either side is quite elaborate enough for a tennis or morning blouse in print. For a change, three lines of lace can run down to the bust only on either side of the front; or there may be rows of tuckings with lace inserted between. Again, the blouse may be made absolutely plain, drawn in to the waist under a belt, and adorned with one of the large sailor-collars that are to be had in such variety and such prettiness, in muslin or lawn, écreu or white, trimmed with Cluny or guipure lace, and so on indefinitely. Coloured linen is not a bad material; it wears excellently, but it is rather heavy for a skirt and too impermeable to be as cool as it looks for a summer corsage. That is the great secret of coolness; a close texture that will not allow the air to pass readily through it is sure to be heating, no matter what the fabric it is composed of; and it is not only uncomfortable

but dangerous to be dressed too warmly—chills are more readily so contracted than by too light clothing.

Hot weather set in so suddenly that it made everybody think of how to endure it. Fortunate were those who, like myself, had the comfort of possessing some of the most refreshing and agreeable eau-de-Cologne known as the "4711" brand. This is more than a perfume; it is so cooling and reviving, besides being so agreeable. Some so-called eau-de-Cologne becomes sickly, some kinds evaporate instantly and leave not a trace behind. From both faults the "4711" is free. A little in the water with which you wash gives coolness to the skin, however hot the day. The maker is Mülhens, of Cologne, the manufacturer of the famous Rhine Violet perfume, that most of us know and delight in. All good chemists and perfumers keep "4711," or it is to be had direct from 62, New Bond Street.

There is an ingenious sound about "an elastic bookcase": how often has the book-lover wished for precisely that article? Well, the Wernicke bookcase, to be seen at 44, Holborn Viaduct, describes itself by that name, and is not unjustly so called. It consists of a series of compartments, of which more, exactly matching in material, size, and shape, can be purchased at any time, and by an ingenious system affixed to those that were possessed before. You can buy a single shelf, if you like, at first, to hold a dozen books, and increase the size of the case by "adding units" till you have covered your walls. Ingenious, is it not? FILOMENA.



BLACK SATIN COAT TRIMMED WITH LACE.



BLACK SATIN AND SPOTTED MUSLIN DRESS.

with écreu-toned thread. A band of guipure in the same tint trims round the bolero, and also makes a band round the elbow, beneath which point there is a graduated puff of embroidered écreu muslin. A narrow vest of white muslin in tiny tuckings appears between the edges of the bolero. Another flowered muslin, having mauve blossoms on a yet paler ground, is pouched to the waist under a deep yoke of closely and narrowly tucked white muslin edged with a deep falling lace berthe. Similar lace edges the pagoda sleeves that nearly reach the wrist, just showing a small under-puffing of white muslin against the hand. A bow of mauve satin ribbon at the throat on the left side, another bow of it in the centre of the bust, and a waist-belt of the same ribbon are the finishing touches to a little blouse, as becoming as it is simple. Guipure lace over white forms a bolero in another case, a deep frill of muslin edged with lace running all round it, and opening down the front to show a box-pleat of soft red silk that widens into a little yoke round the shoulders; the full and fussy frilling turns back from the yoke round the shoulders very smartly. Another smart-looking yet essentially simple design is a collar reaching from the throat to the bust in deep Vandyke points, in écreu muslin, spotted with yellow peas, the points edged with the narrowest frillings, and under that collar a pretty pink-and-white muslin, pouched a little into the waist over a narrow black velvet waistband.

Glacé silk and taffetas are very fashionable materials for the shirts that are cool and yet not flimsy. White taffetas makes an excellent shirt laid in tucks down the

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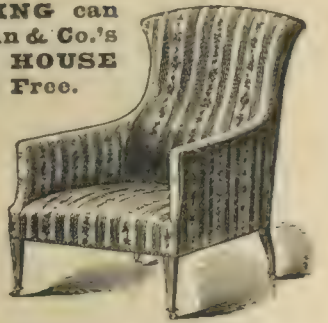
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Of course these Symptoms are decidedly troublesome and may not all be present, but they form only a portion of the harm done to the System. If Food is not digested, it naturally follows that the nutriment it contains cannot possibly reach the Blood. Consequently the Blood is ill-nourished—in fact, the Body suffers from mal-nutrition; this leads to Debility and Weakness.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Rochester spent the early part of May at Ramsgate to recover his strength after a slight illness. He is now quite well, and greatly enjoyed the festivities of last week, when the Town Council of Rochester presented an address to the Dean and Mrs. Hole on the fortieth anniversary of their wedding day.

Dean Farrar has now so far recovered that he is able to take part in the daily services at the Cathedral. On the third Sunday of May he addressed the troops in the nave, and on Whit Sunday preached the morning sermon. Canterbury residents noted with delight that the Dean was in full intellectual vigour, that his voice was strong and resonant, and that each day has made a visible improvement in his appearance. The Archbishop of Canterbury returned to his cathedral city for Whitsuntide, and took part in the services of the festival.

Lovers of pulpit eloquence are looking forward to the visit of Dr. Mortimer, Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia, whose theological writings are well known in this country. Dr. Mortimer expects to arrive in England towards the end of June, and has several pulpit engagements.

The Bi-Centenary of the S.P.G. has been celebrated in most of our cathedral cities. Lincoln has held its festivities this week. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Canon Knox Little were the preachers on Tuesday, and at a great public meeting in the evening the venerable Bishop King took the chair.

The ancient church of All Hallows, London Wall, has entered on a new lease of life under its energetic Rector, the Rev. Montague Fowler. The congregation are hoping soon to purchase a new organ as a memorial to the late Rector. The present instrument, which is used every day of the year, is giving way under the strain. The early morning services for factory girls have been very well attended during the spring. On some mornings nearly two hundred girls may be found sitting in the church

between the hours of 7 and 9 a.m. Books are provided, and voluntary organists play selections of devotional music for the entertainment of these early visitors.

The Dean of Bristol and Mrs. Browne have gone abroad for the month of June. The Dean has been in poor health lately, never having fully recovered from his recent serious illness.

The new church at Muswell Hill, which the Bishop of London consecrated at Whitsuntide, has already cost £8000, and £7000 more will be required for its completion. This was Dr. Ingram's first visit to the Muswell Hill district,



THE NEW RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD," LAUNCHED IN PRESENCE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The vessel was built by Germania, of Kiel. Her length is 130 metres, and her indicated horse power 19,000. Her average speed on a 12 hours' trial was 23 knots an hour.

and his sermon at the consecration made a deep impression. The Vicar of St. James's, the Rev. J. S. Whichelow, is to be congratulated on this beautiful new building.

Bishop Lang is in residence at St. Paul's during the month of June, and his sermons are attracting large congregations on Sunday afternoons. His popularity in London seems likely to be as great as it was at Oxford and at Portsea.

THE WIZARDS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

Some say a wizard to a Northern King

At Christmastide such wondrous things did show
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow;
And through a third the fruited vines arow;
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

W. MORRIS, "The Earthly Paradise."

December held Paris in cold embrace; the Parisians fled before the north-east wind; for once they preferred their homes to the streets. A few people, on business bent, traversed the gardens of the Luxembourg where I strolled seeking to discover a reasonable excuse for Winter's action in stunting trees, freezing delicate plants, and starving harmless birds. I think the north-east wind must have resented the investigation; it redoubled its vigour, sent a stout Parisian to hunt his hat down the leaf-strewn path, and forced me to take refuge in the Museum. There for an hour I forgot the storm in contemplation of Rodin's work in the sculpture-room, passed from that to the little room where masterpieces of Watts and Whistler grace the walls, and finally entered the gallery opposite, where part of the Impressionist pictures of the Caillebotte bequest are hung.

The splendour of colour came with startling effect after the grey tones that prevailed outside. Manet's "Cleopatra" first attracted the eye; men and women grouped on a balcony, by the same brush, next drew the attention, that was soon captured by some dancing-girls of Degas. After a few

long days spent in the Louvre, where the good, bad, and indifferent hang cheek by jowl; even after the sojourn in the Luxembourg's more popular rooms, where the merits of a canvas are apparently judged by its size—there was a sense of pleasure in coming among paintings that claimed admiration on account of their purely artistic strength, their freedom from conventional thought or treatment. The Caillebotte room would

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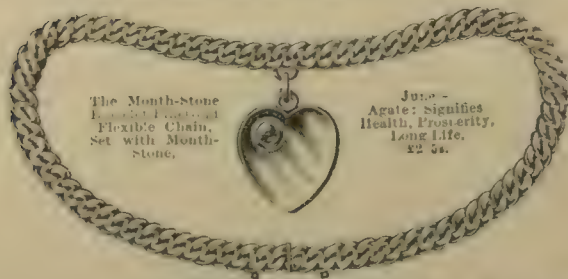


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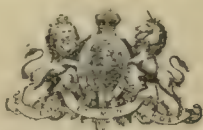


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scarcely be big enough for Manet and Degas, were the two great masters alone. As it is, they are surrounded by the canvases of some of the greatest modern masters of colour: the light and atmosphere of the Impressionists seemed to spread from their pictures and pervade the room. First came Claude Monet's "Déjeuner," with its garden full of summer flowers and fruit. The influence of summer was everywhere — on lawn and path, glowing on the dress of the woman near the house, subduing the conflicting claims of the surrounding pictures. There was positively no appeal to story or to sentiment: colour, atmosphere, and tone wrought the charm. Passing from the picture with such pleasure as comes to the lover of open air and country life, I sought and found another by the same master. This was a regatta at Argenteuil, with white-sailed boats passing down a stream ablaze with sunlight, the quality of water, boats, and banks beyond showing the artist's intimacy with Nature in quite another aspect; while, as though to show the full extent of Monet's versatility, there was a third canvas presenting the wave-stormed rocks of Belle Isle—a study of water, rock, and sky that had the invigorating quality of a sea-breeze.

From Claude Monet the eye sought Camille Pissarro, and in place of summer found late spring studied in an orchard, "a light of blossom and beam and shower." The knowledge that winter was howling outside made the spring picture doubly gracious; it was not easy to turn away from a canvas that expressed so perfectly all that the world was waiting for.

In the Caillebotte room of the Luxembourg, Camille Pissarro is master of the spring. Early summer proclaims Charles Sisley as its interpreter—Sisley, who lived and strove in poverty, to whom the world's praise came only when he was beyond the reach or need of it. Claude

Monet is the interpreter of the months that lean towards autumn. This division applies to the pictures that M. Caillebotte collected when the rest of the world passed by the Impressionist movement with contempt. We who have studied the famous triumvirate in other places know that each is the master of the

Pissarro has peopled his landscapes. He has given the toilers their place on the land, he has even followed them to the farmhouse and the market; always avoiding the temptation to turn the story of their lives into an appeal for interest, striving to keep art and literature apart. His great colleagues have preferred in most cases to leave the human element alone. Two splendid pictures by the late Charles Sisley hang by the side of Pissarro's orchard, and his study of the red roofs of Eragny seen through the trees. One gives a glimpse of the banks of Seine, the other presents a woodside in early summer, with a multi-coloured profusion of leaf and flower that thrills the senses with a feeling of pure joy.

The powers that rule the Luxembourg do not love the schools of Manet, Monet, Pissarro, and Revoir; the Caillebotte bequest had a struggle for the right to be seen, and its place is a very modest one to-day. There are no couches in the room to afford visitors leisured moments; the hanging of the pictures leaves something to be desired; but the audience grows steadily, while the work influences modern art in all countries. The reason did not seem far to seek this afternoon, when the other picture-salons of the Luxembourg had no inspiration to offer, and this small room glowed with a light that the duldest day of the year could scarcely dim. An enthusiasm unfelt in the other galleries seems to prevail here, where the gifts of the most gracious seasons have been stored by patient men of genius who

have devoted their life to progress in art, while so many others, often more fortunate in worldly fashion, have been content to multiply the examples of schools that belong to times and masters both dead long since.

Outside the Luxembourg, winter reasserts her sway, but my brief sojourn with the sister seasons has left me reconciled, if not content. S. L. B.



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seasons, has reasoned and communed with Nature until her secrets of tone and colour have been revealed. All one to them—

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The rose-red summer with eyes aglow;
The yellow fall with serene eyes waiting,
The wild-eyed winter with hair all snow.

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MUSIC.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The past week at the Opera marked a successful achievement of English music. An English grand opera at the Royal Opera, written by an Englishman, or, at least, by an Irishman; sung in English by an almost entirely English company, which was pronounced by a delighted audience act by act to be convincing—has heretofore been an ideal and not an actuality. Dr. Villiers Stanford has made it an accomplished fact. "Much Ado About Nothing" will not only be included in the repertoire of Covent Garden, but it is hoped it will gain a hearing in grand opera abroad. To examine it broadly is to arrive at its distinction. The music is never commonplace. There is a dignity of orchestration, a breadth of treatment, that shows the musical expert; and there are a charm of melody and a poetry that show a composer of no mean order. It would be absurd for Englishmen, in their delight at the standard of English art being raised by this production on May 30, to force the situation. "Much Ado About Nothing" can never rank with Wagner, nor with Verdi in his "Otello"; but, on the other hand, it is far and away above many a successful grand opera that it would be invidious to compare it with. It has distinction, it has style, and it has melody, fluent and graceful. The story has been faithfully followed, and Mr. Julian Sturgis has written a good book. At times his phrases are forced, but generally there are smooth, rhythmical verses and lyrics, and good

dialogue, freely declaimed, that is far superior to the old-fashioned recitative. The opera starts without an overture. "Sigh no more, ladies," is sung behind the curtain, which rises on a ball-room scene of brilliance and colour. Perhaps the most academical measure of the opera is the stately saraband that is danced before the gayer morris-dance. The two dominant notes of the entire opera are love—love in all its tender effects—and humour. Of passion there is little, but humour, mocking, subtle, and delicious, there is perpetually: not in the least heavy or English, never buffoonery, only quaint or suggestive, except in the pardonable or unpardonable (as you like) braying of the ass in the orchestra during Dogberry's "Write me down an ass," that recalls the bitter jest of Paganini. Benedick and Beatrice have an accompaniment of low undercurrents of murmurous laughter, given to the orchestra; and the garden scene is worthy of Shakspeare. It is difficult to single out individual numbers where all are charming, but the chorus, "Benedick the married man," is perhaps the least elusive. The cast could not have been better. Miss Marie Brema brought her rich passionate voice, her eager manner, and womanly charms to Beatrice, and carried the audience with her in her sincere abandonment of grief for her cousin's shame. "Kill him!" was the finest moment of her scenes. Dr. Stanford has, however, subordinated the parts of Benedick and Beatrice to the idyllic little story of Hero and Claudio, which is perhaps more as Shakspeare meant it to be read than is the Lyceum treatment of it. Miss

Marie Brema was also excellent in her scene before Hero's tomb, when she scatters the flowers and sings her lament. Mr. David Bispham sang Benedick beautifully, and acted with some indication of humour, but in rather too mannikin a fashion, the much-protesting celibate. Mr. Coates made a manly Claudio, and Madame Suzanne Adams gave a rather cold but very clever reading of Hero. Her voice has a faultless coldness that is gratifying in its purity of inflection. Mr. Foster and Mr. Rea were equally good as the bad and good brothers, Don John and Don Pedro. The only foreigners, Herr Blass and M. Plançon, deserve especial notice for their reading of Dogberry and the Friar. The former was very funny, and the latter had all the stateliness of the ecclesiastic. Signor Mancinelli conducted cleverly, and after each act not only the company, but the composer and librettist, were called.

On Friday, May 31, and on the preceding Tuesday, excellent performances of "Lohengrin" were given under the baton of Herr Lohse. On the second night the voices of Frau Gadski and Mlle. Olitzka, the Elsa and Ortrud, seemed slightly more fatigued by the severe strain, but each sang her part with artistic effect. The icy purity of Frau Gadski's voice is beautiful in her prayer and love duets, but her acting scarcely brings before the audience the dreamy girl; it is somewhat too matronly. Herr Knote was far more in tune the second night than the first, and sang the "Liebey Schwann" with exquisite tenderness. Herr Muhlmann is one of the best Telramunds it is possible to conceive. His voice, when he sings in unison with Ortrud that beautiful phrase in the second act, is haunting. The



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chorus showed more light and shade, and sang very well at the appearance of the Swan, but it is not so good a chorus as could be wished. The only change in the cast was not for the best. Mr. Earle, as the Herald, left something to be desired.

A new pianist, Leopold Godowski, with a great reputation has appeared in London. He comes from America, but has played in Berlin and other towns of Germany, and has been received with enormous enthusiasm. At his first recital here, at the St. James's Hall, he evinced an extraordinary technique and skill. His phrasing is excellent and his method most convincing. He plays quietly and most unaffectedly. It was impossible, unfortunately, to hear his treatment of Chopin's "Etudes," that he has adapted, for they came at the end of the programme. The idea does not commend itself to the artistic sense at first, but they require to be heard before criticising. With Brahms, and with Beethoven (in the Sonata in E flat, Op. 8), he showed masterly skill, and one left the recital with a desire to become better acquainted with a performer who has an undoubted genius for technique and a taste that seems faultless.

M. I. H.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. George Murray Smith, of 40, Park Lane, and 15, Waterloo Place, who died on April 6, has been proved by G. Murray Smith, the son, and Reginald J. Smith, K.C., the son-in-law, two of the executors, the value of the estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, being £761,965. The testator gives the "Dictionary of National Biography," with the copyright and notes, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, with the wish that she should cause the work to be completed; £10,000 to his daughter Mrs. Yates Thompson; £30,000 to his daughter Ethel Murray Smith; £2500 to his nephew, R. S. Mushet; £10,000 upon trust for his sister, Mrs. Anderson; £1000 to John Aitchison; £1000 to his solicitor, Edward F. Turner; and legacies to persons in the employ of Smith, Elder, and Co. The residue of the property is to be held, upon trust, during his wife's life, to pay to her an annuity of £10,000, and to divide the remaining income between his children. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided in varying proportions between his children.

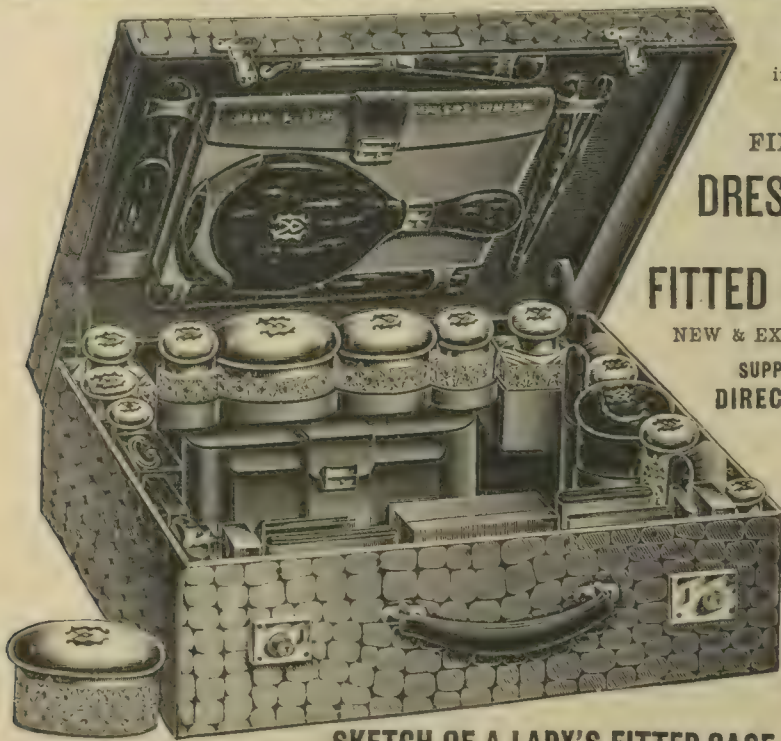
The will (dated May 15, 1895), with a codicil (dated Sept. 24, 1900), of Mr. Rowland Smith, J.P., D.L., of Duffield Hall, Derby, The Redoubt, Kingswear, Devon, and 131, Queen's Gate, formerly M.P. for South Derbyshire, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on May 21 by the Rev. Algernon Charles Dudley Ryder and Arthur Bold Hampton, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £603,437. The testator devises the Duffield Hall estate to his son Captain Granville Roland Francis Smith, Coldstream Guards, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. He gives £40,000, upon trust, for his daughter Constance Emily Smith; £35,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Constance Eugenia Ryder; £1000 each to the British and

Foreign Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society; £500 to the Derby Royal Infirmary; £500 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; £1500 to Arthur Bold Hampton; and small legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated March 26, 1896), with a codicil (dated Oct. 19, 1897), of Mr. William Montagu Calcraft, of Rempstone, Corfe Castle, who died on April 29, was proved on May 20 by Major Dudley Granville Richard Ryder, the nephew, and Alister Gilian Fraser, the executors, the value of the estate being £152,504. The testator settles the Rempstone and Wareham estates on the eldest son of his sister Mrs. Katherine Marston; and the estate at Northfleet, Kent, on his sister Mrs. Georgiana Emily Ryder, for life, with remainder to her eldest son. He gives £5000 to his sister Mrs. Ryder, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children: £5000 for the payment of the estate duty on the Rempstone and Northfleet properties; and £100 each to William Edward Ryder, Edgar Newton, and his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his nieces Katherine Gordon Marston, Caroline Marston, Mabel Mary, and Constance Waldegrave, and Katherine Susan and Evelyn Georgiana Ryder, or such of them as shall be spinsters at the time of his death.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1898) of Mr. Alexander Bramwell Bremner, of 13, Lewes Crescent, Brighton, and 6, River Terrace, Henley, who died on March 9, was proved on May 22 by Alexander Martin Bunster Bremner, the son, Isabel Mary Bremner, and Bianca Ellen King Bremner, the daughters, and Peter Wyatt Squire, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,538. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his grandchildren Daisy

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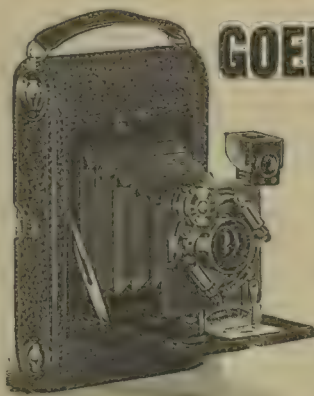
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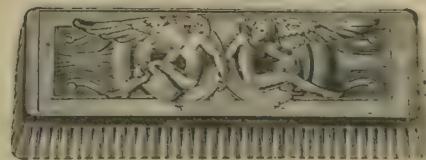
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The will (dated Nov. 10, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 19, 1899), of Major George Nathaniel Micklethwait, of 7, Royal Crescent, Bath, who died on March 17, was proved on May 21 by Peter Edward Hansell and Walter Edward Hansell, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,280. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his nieces the Hon. Charlotte Laura Manners Sutton and Mrs. Emily Wilson; £7000 to Bernard Amine Frederick Astley; £200 each to his executors; £1000 to his man James Crisp; £200 to Mrs. Welton; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to Delaval Graham L'Estrange Astley.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1899) of Mr. John Butterworth,

J.P., of Oak Bank, Burnley, who died on April 15, was proved on May 22 by Mrs. Jane Hannah Butterworth, the widow, Thomas Butterworth, the son, Miss Lily Frances Butterworth, the daughter, and Walter Southern, the executors, the value of the estate being £52,244. The testator gives £200, and during her widowhood an annuity of £500 and the use of his residence, to his wife; £1000 each to the Victoria Hospital, Burnley, the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, and the Wesleyan Home Mission Fund; £200 each to his children; the income of £2000 to his brother William; £300 each to the children of his brother William; and £300 each to his sister Ellen and his niece Matilda. The residue of his property he leaves as to nine twenty-fourths to his son Thomas, seven twenty-fourths to his son John, and four twenty-fourths each, upon trust, for his daughters Elizabeth and Lily Frances.

The will (dated March 31, 1893), with two codicils (dated Aug. 2, 1900, and Feb. 12, 1901), of Arthur Saunders William Charles Fox Gore, fifth Earl of Arran, of 16, Hertford Street and Castle Gore, Ballina, Mayo,

who died on March 14, was proved on May 22 by Arthur Jocelyn Charles Gore, sixth Earl of Arran, the son, the sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £44,608. The testator gives £5000 to his daughter, Winifred Helena Lettice Gore; £100 to his butler, Frederick Bax; and £100 to his nurse, Martha Hill. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 14, 1898) of Sir John Stainer, Mus.Doc., of 10, South Parks Road, Oxford, who died on March 31, was proved on May 24 by John Frederick Randall Stainer, the son, and Miss Elizabeth Cecil Stainer, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,744. The testator bequeaths £5000 and his books and papers to his son John; the money in the house and on current account at his banker's, and, during her widowhood, the use of his house and furniture to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Cecil Stainer, and he makes no further provision for her, as she is otherwise provided for; £1500 each to his sisters Mary and Henrietta Stainer; £1000 to his sister Mrs. Sarah Thacker; and a few small legacies.

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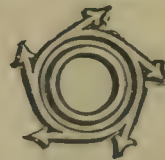
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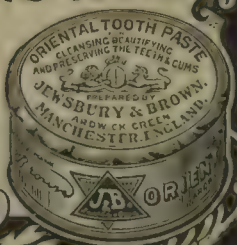
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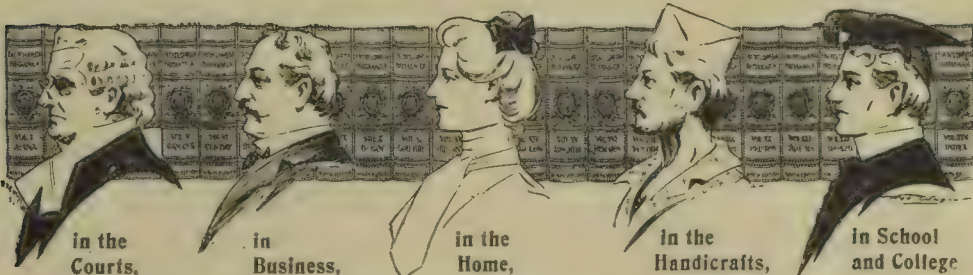
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We do not share all the admiration freely expressed for Mr. Laurence Binyon's work, which seems to us for the most part rather carefully built up, with a classic taste and sense of phrase, than moved by any inward passion: and unless lifted by no common wind of emotion, the so-called "irregular" Ode is a cumbrous and unconvincing form. It then becomes, indeed, truly irregular, and many of these far too long "Odes" (Unicorn Press) seem examples of what an Ode should not be. They wander loose and unrestrained, governed by no inward, as they are restrained by no outward and obvious form—things asymmetrical, and the Ode above all forms demands firm vertebration. Yet in parts they contain as good work as Mr. Binyon has yet done—perhaps better work. As in the "Dryad":

Nerving her hand upon a pliant branch,
She paused, she listened, and then glided on
Half-turned in lovely fear:
And her young shoulder shone
Like moonbeams that wet sands, foam-bordered, blanch.

There needs more like this, and closer-tissued, less voluble, to make Mr. Binyon's work quite satisfactory.

But it "sticks fiery off" indeed, compared with Sir Lewis Morris's "Harvest-Time" (Kegan Paul). There you have such familiar friends as "noble rage" and "cold despair," jostling each other in a stanza; while you are told in the next that "no favouring impulse comes to drive" "the lagging thought," and "blithe Fancy," of course, spreads her wing in the close neighbourhood of a "vernal grove." There are many styles in the book, but none of them else than mediocre. Yet Sir Lewis Morris belongs by reputation at least to the aristocracy of poets.

as do, in one way or another, the rest whom we have already noticed. When we take a step into the deep waters of unnoted versifiers who form the majority that crowd on the reviewer's attention, it strikes chill on the chest, so to speak. To them belongs "Songs of North and South" (John P. Morton and Company, Louisville, U.S.) The one distinct poetical quality which Mr. Malone possesses is a marked and tropical sense of colour. But this nowhere gets itself uttered in any really original phrase. The nearest (and by itself it is, we admit, very good) occurs in a stanza of "The Retrospect":

Like blood-red poppies sown through twinkling wheat,
The city lamps are flickering from afar;
A fiery serpent sweeps a curving street,
And like a jewelled beetle creeps a car.

But the author is not often so condensed as that; nor can he keep the pitch.

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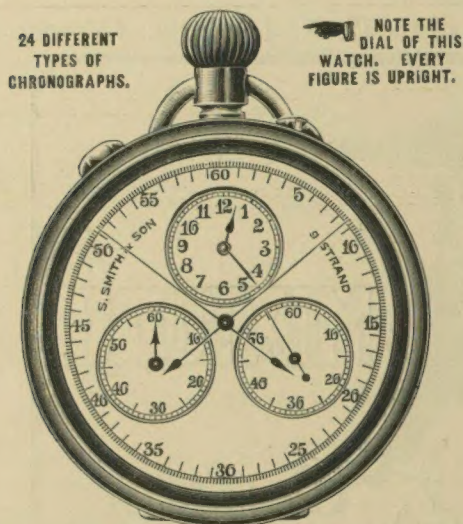
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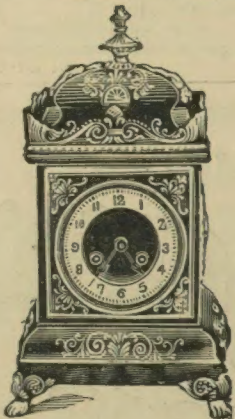


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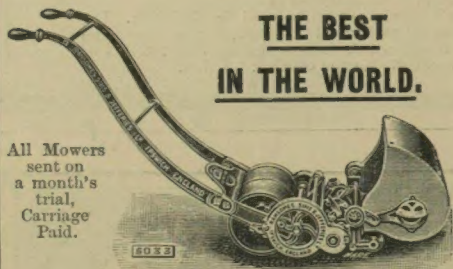


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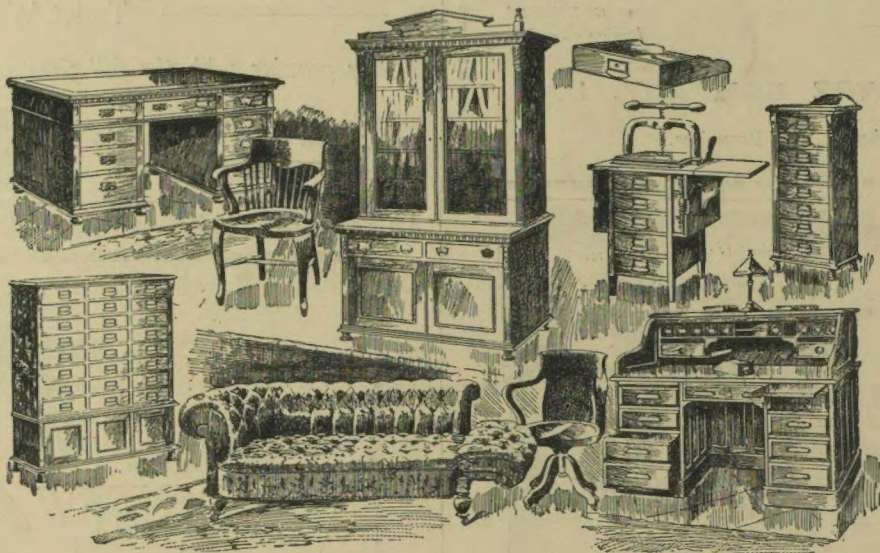
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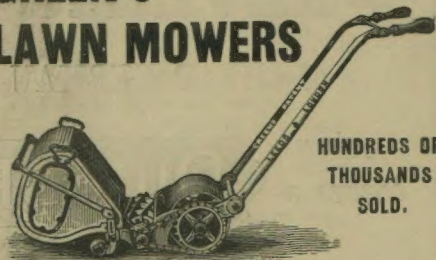
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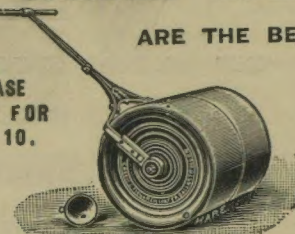


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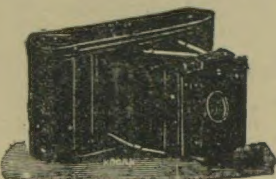
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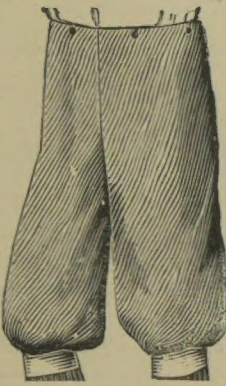
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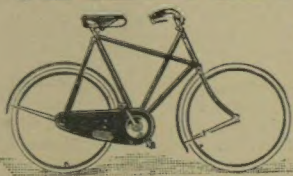


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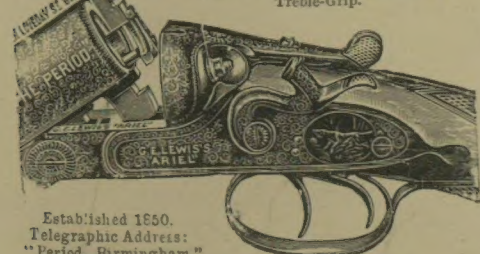
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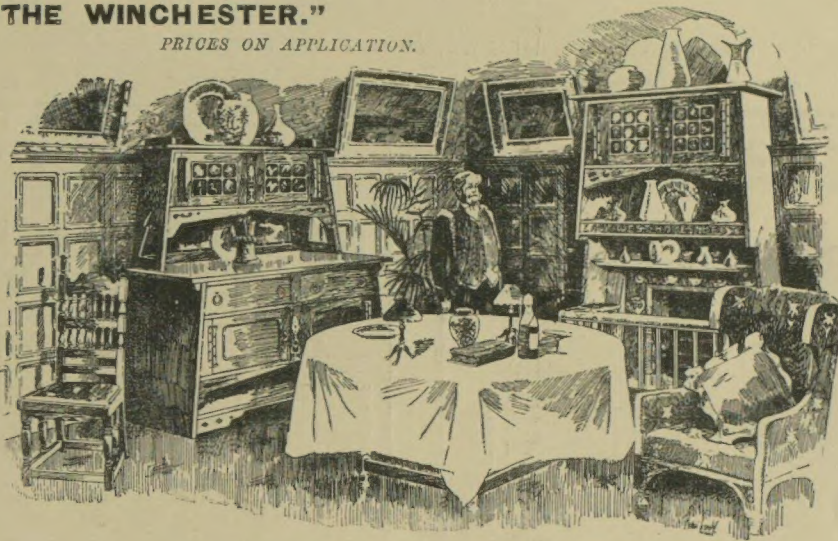
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9	11	by 7 2	...	4	12 0	11	4	by 8 9	...	6	7 0	13	9	by 10 0	...	8	17 0
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10	0	by 7 0	...	4	10 0	11	11	by 8 0	...	6	3 0	13	10	by 10 4	...	9	1 0
10	1	by 7 2	...	4	12 0	11	5	by 8 3	...	6	0 0	13	6	by 10 6	...	9	0 0
10	2	by 7 8	...	5	0 0	11	10	by 8 7	...	6	9 0	13	11	by 10 7	...	9	8 0
10	8	by 7 1	...	4	16 0	12	9	by 9 1	...	7	7 0	13	9	by 11 10	...	9	0 0
10	6	by 7 0	...	4	14 0	12	3	by 9 6	...	7	10 0	13	3	by 9 5	...	8	0 0
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10	4	by 7 3	...	4	16 0	13	1	by 9 7	...	8	0 0	13	1	by 10 0	...	8	7 0
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9	0	by	6 9	...	1	10	1	9	0	by	6 9	...	1 12 6
10	6	by	9 0	...	2	5 11	11	0	by	9 0	...	2	8 9
12	0	by	11 3	...	3	6 6	13	0	by	11 3	...	3	14 9
15	0	by	13 6	...	4	18 2	16	6	by	13 6	...	5	10 6
10	0	by	6 9	...	2	2 10	12	0	by	9 0	...	3	7 5
12	6	by	11 3	...	4	13 11	13	6	by	11 3	...	4	13 11
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THE FAVOURITE LIQUEUR.**HEERING'S COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY**

(KIRSEBÆR LIQUEUR.)

TEN PRIZE MEDALS.

Sole Manufacturer—

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(Established 1818).

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Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.



A REVELATION TO SMOKERS!

HAND MADE.

Absolutely
Unique in
Quality.

No. 555.

Price per 100,

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STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

(VIRGINIA GRADE.)

If unobtainable at Local Tobacconists', Samples will be sent post-free, at above prices, on receipt of remittance.

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HAND MADE.

Beware of Cheap
Machine-made
Cigarettes.

No. 555.

Sample of 10,

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An ENTIRELY ORIGINAL combination of the Choicest Growths of Tobacco.

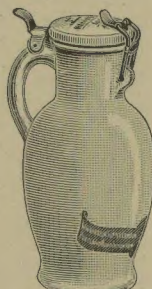
AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE BOTTLE AND THE CASK.

KANNENBEER

Best Burton-Brewed PURE Ales and Stout.



JUG IN USE.



JUG CLOSED.

KANNENBEER is beer in hermetically closing Stone Jugs of about one quart.

KANNENBEER is the ideal Beer for home consumption, is served in the cleanest of vessels, and is free from sediment and bacteria.

KANNENBEER is an ornament to any table and remains bright to the last drop. Best and most advantageous.

In boxes of one dozen and half a dozen—

Finest Dinner Ale	s. d.
India Pale Ale	3 0
Half and Half (Finest Stout and Bitter)	4 6
Best Double Stout	4 6
Finest Pilsener Lager	4 6
Finest Munich Lager	4 6
New Century Beer (Sparkling)	4 6

Per half-dozen Jugs.

Ask your Grocer and Beer Dealer, or write for LIST OF LONDON AGENTS who sell Kannenbeer, to
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Head Office: 17, PHILPOT LANE, E.C.

Stores: Portland Road, Seven Sisters, N.



2/3 per 1 lb. Tin.

Of all Tobacconists.

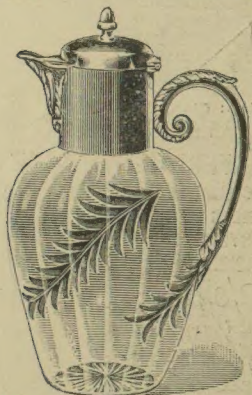
Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

Mappin & Webb

(Ltd.)

STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE"

(Regd. 71,552.)



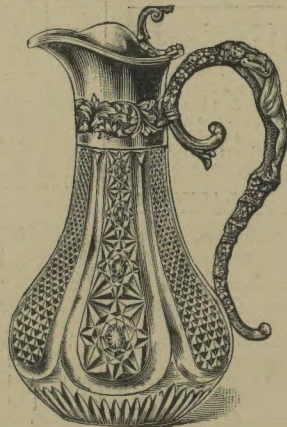
Claret Jug, Crystal Glass Body.
"Prince's Plate" Mounts, £1 1s.
Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



Cut Glass Jug with "Prince's Plate" Mounts,
£1 1s.
1/2 pint Beaker to match, 7s.



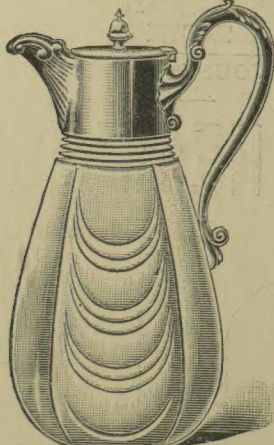
Sterling Silver Champagne Jug, Handsomely Chased,
in Antique style, 4 pints, £17 17s.



Very richly Cut Glass, with Chased
Mounts and finely modelled Handle.
"Prince's Plate" ... £4 5s.
Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.

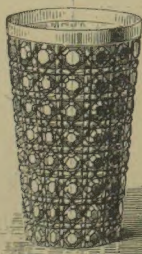


Richly Cut Glass Claret Jug.
Chased "Prince's Plate"
Mount ... £3 8s.
Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.

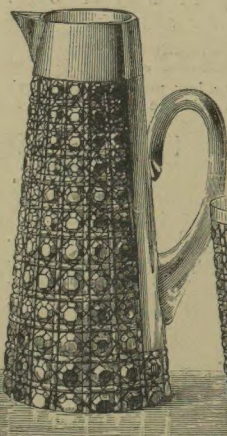


Cut Glass Claret Jug with Fluted
Panels and "Prince's Plate"
Mounts, £1 10s.
Sterling Silver Mount, £3 10s.

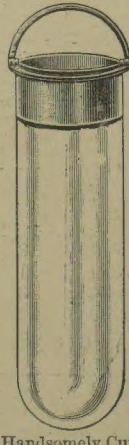
Illustrated
Price List
Post Free.



Handsome Cut Glass Jug and Beakers, with Sterling
Silver Mounts.
Jug, £2 15s.; Beakers, 17s. 6d. each.



Goods sent to the
Country
on approval.



Handsomely Cut Champagne Jug, with removable Ice Well,
mounted in "Prince's Plate" or Sterling Silver.
"Prince's Plate" Sterling Silver.
2 pints ... £4 10s. £8 15s.
3 " ... £5 5s. £9 15s.
4 " ... £6 5s. £11 10s.



Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver,
Antique Style, £10 10s.

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